NO. 8 Lessons for November AUGUST 195

Inventory for August

Maryhale Woolsey

Now measure carefully the shadows shortened
By this majestic tallness of the sun;
Record the coral sculptured dawns, the heartened
Rich breath of earth as daytime's course is run.
Compute the wealth in heads of grain slow-filling
And ripening on golden stalk and ear;
And weigh the stars in midnight's sapphire ceiling—
While crickets call the turning of the year.

For morning winds rehearse a song of autumn,
And urgency is in the running sands!
Count well, and claim in full the lavish quotum
Of summer treasure offered to your hands—
Not to be kept for later, laggard holding,
But each day's largesse in one brief unfolding.

The Cover: Swan River From King's Park, Perth, Western Australia
Courtesy Australian National Travel Association
Photograph submitted by Adelphia D. Bingham

Frontispiece: Granite Dells, Near Prescott, Arizona
Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

The Worth of Souls

Elder John Longden

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

A young mother expressed the misgivings in her heart when she knew her firstborn was to attend school for the first time. She said, "There are railroad tracks to cross and a highway. I wish it were possible to go with him every day! But, of course, I have the other children to care for." So motherlike! The child's father, more like a father, said, "We've taught him to watch where he is going, to be careful. We've tried to teach him the rules of the road. He'll have to be on his own." The little mother insisted, "I know this, but he is so young and may forget for a moment."

How great is the worth of our children's lives in our earthly eyes. What one of us does not say a quiet prayer as they leave our homes in the morning for school or work, or in the evening for dates and other social events—a quiet but most devout prayer that our Father in heaven will watch over them and help them to remember who they are?

There are some parents who have forgotten who they are, while still worrying and watching over their precious earthly charges, parents who are doing things which must worry our Heavenly Father. What of the young scout who told his scoutmaster that "Mom and Dad sure live it up with a bottle when we go fishing, but they're okay at home." We wonder if our Heavenly Mother and Father must not be worried and concerned over some of our antics.

It must be quite an occasion in heaven when our Heavenly Mother bids us a loving farewell for the time being! Perhaps, like earthly mothers, she thinks, "They are so young, and they might forget for a moment." Yet, our wonderful, all-wise Eternal Father has repeatedly given us rules and commandments by which we are privileged to live, for our souls are precious in his sight! The Master has told us, "This is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39).

Beyond the comprehension of mortal man, God has placed a supreme value upon a human soul when he says:

> Remember, the worth of souls is great in the sight of God; for, behold, the Lord, your Redeemer suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him. And he hath risen again from the dead, that he might bring all men unto him, on conditions of repentance. And how great is his joy in the soul that repenteth (D. & C. 18:10-13).

We read the other day something that expressed the thoughts of many of us. It was to the effect that in the beginning years a parent's fears are for bugs, and the less visible the worse the fear, but not much can be done about them. In the later years the bugs are still there, but the enemy is people and things,

ome of them no more visible than ne most dangerous bugs. Relief ociety mothers can do much to ght this invisible enemy, for they uly rock the cradle of the Church. t the knees of our mothers we arn about our Heavenly Father id the protection he has for us. We should learn to talk to our ather in heaven at our mother's nees. Men of the Church rely eavily on their wives and the moth- s of their children to make their omes heavens on earth. Wives can elp them to remember who they re—truly sons and daughters of od, and that their souls — every ne — are precious in the sight of ur Father in heaven.

WE have watched hundreds of parents proudly acknowledge he accomplishments of their chil- ren as they graduate from high chool and college. How proud a nother and father whose daughter arned a Phi Beta Kappa key! — and rue accomplishments these things re, for have we not been told "The lory of God is intelligence, or in ther words, light and truth"? D. & C. 93:36). Without at all elittling scholastic achievement, it s important also that we balance our lives with spiritual achieve- ments. Each individual must grow p spiritually, if he would enter the ingdom of our Father. Oh! the majesty of the individual! Each of s born of our mothers may, if we eep all the commandments, look orward to exaltation in the king- lom of our Father, yes, to inherit- ng part of our Father's kingdom.

How much is a human soul worth? The psalmist exclaimed about the greatness of man's worth:

> For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet (Psalms 8:5-6).

We were all interested back in 1949 in the story of Kathy Fiscus, who fell into an abandoned well by her home. Under a blaze of lights men and machines battled with mother earth for Kathy's life. Fifty-three hours after the accident, after a total expenditure of a quarter of a million dollars, Kathy's lifeless body was brought to the top. A quarter of a million dollars to attempt to save one life!

In New York this year a little boy's life was miraculously saved. He had a similar experience. Young Benny Hooper, Jr., most of the time did what his parents told him, but one evening he played in a forbidden area where his father had dug a twenty-one foot hole for a well. Again, many man hours and thousands of dollars were expended in his rescue.

SOMETIMES we wander into forbidden areas both in our thoughts and our actions. Daily there are forces in the earth battling for men's souls. Why? Because the mere loss of life is not a penalty inflicted on man, but Satan knows that he must spoil men's souls if he is to win his battle. It was his wish to force us back into the presence of our Father. Most wisely, our dear Father rejected this plan and through his beloved son Jesus Christ, gave us our free agency to return to his presence on our own power.

> Know this, that every soul is free
> To choose his life and what he'll be,

For this eternal truth is given
That God will force no man to heaven.

He'll call, persuade, direct aright,
And bless with wisdom, love, and light,
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.
(William C. Gregg)

Some of us interpret free agency to mean license to do many forbidden things.

Thank goodness for many who realize that free agency points the way to majestic self-mastery in all things. Through free agency we may climb to the high peaks of spirituality. Our lives will then become guideposts and lights to others who meet us along life's highway. Most of us who are earthly parents do everything in our power to bring happiness to our children here. How our hearts swell when our offspring are truly obedient! Our happiness cannot even compare with the joy of our Heavenly Father when we are obedient to his laws and commandments, and his blessings to us will be far greater for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man . . ." (I Cor. 2:9).

In our homes today, through the mediums of radio and television, beautiful young women and handsome young men for money do quite a selling job on us and our families, selling ideas, philosophies, and products which are absolutely adverse to the teachings of the gospel of Jesus Christ — Satan's way of spoiling souls! What are we doing in our homes to combat these influences that we are meeting on every hand wherever we go?

We are wondering if, when we left the presence of our Heavenly Father and Mother to come to this earthly existence, we did not say something like the little child who went for the first time to school, "Yes, I'll remember the rules and regulations. I'll watch all the signs on the road. I'll be good." We wonder!

THE Church of Jesus Christ is replete with signs along the road, pointing the way for young and old, to help us to keep on the straight and narrow path, close to the Master. Our scriptures contain complete formulae for a good, rich life.

The rumors of wars, the hate, envy, jealousy, strife, in the world today would not be, if we all lived by the tenets of the gospel. And, if we lived by the tenets of the gospel, we would all return to our Father, exalted beings.

There is so much mothers can do to insure the eternal salvation and exaltation of the souls of men!

A little lad came home to his mother one day and said, "Mom, I hate Judy!" The wise little mother took the young child on her knee and said, "Darling, you must not *hate* anyone. Try to find out why she acts the way she does. You don't have to be like her, but maybe you can help her instead of hating her." Then she showed her son that hate and help contain the same number of letters, but what different meanings! There is great need in the world today for us to help each other. Our neighbors need us. We need our neighbors in so many ways; to help us, not to hate us, to pat us on the back once in awhile and say "Well done, old timer!" The little mother who taught her son not to

ıte but to help had a real tangible sson in mind.

Bless the mothers of the Church ho make their homes spots of wis- om, shrines and castles for their ısbands and children. Bless the others who know that perhaps ey, more than any others, have it their power to save the souls of en. Bless the parents of this hurch who remember who they e, who know that their souls are ıe offspring of God, as are the souls of their earthly children; who daily remember the promise we might have made as we left our heavenly parents that we would remember the rules and regulations, that we would watch the signs along the way, and that we would be good! Bless the parents and others who know that "If ye are faithful ye shall be laden with many sheaves, and crowned with honor, and glory, and immortality, and eternal life" (D. & C. 75:5).

Caring Is Mortar

Margery S. Stewart

All day I lived in the shadows of uncaring,
For the morning had been long, the noon
Too burning.
Night came with new thorns for my mind,
Ashes for remembrance,
A broken sword and the battle not over.
All day I lived silent and blind
In the shadows of my own uncaring.

Then I saw what uncaring is. I held it
In my palm. Uncaring is disintegration.
Caring is mortar,
Mortar for the stones of the universe.
There is no building without caring.
It is many things . . . a tender mother
Answering her new child, a husband
Breaking himself on the wheels of trade,
A teacher planting the endless seeds
With no hope of seeing the harvest.
It is the lonely woman being beautiful
Because she wills to make even loneliness
Lovely.

Caring is the call remembered, children
Comforted, votes on election day, a party
For the stranger. It is compassion for
One who has lost all right to compassion,
And it is a single flower for the beloved.
Caring builds, oh, how it builds, cities,
Nations, worlds, schools, hospitals,
Friendships, loves, and the tender peace.
He, who would destroy his own caring
Destroys himself . . . while he who will
Not surrender holds always material
For another tomorrow.

The South Australian Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE South Australian Mission was formed on July 3, 1955, at a conference of saints and missionaries at Melbourne, held under the direction of Elder Marion G. Romney of the Council of the Twelve. Elder Romney had made the journey from Salt Lake City for the purpose of dividing the Australian Mission.

The new mission comprises the states of Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania, with a Church membership of approximately 1,500 persons and an over-all population of about 5,000,000. Thomas Sanford Bingham was sustained as the first president.

Shortly after he was installed as mission president, President Bingham chose as his counselors, Elders Edward Armstrong Johnson and Percival W. F. Davis. He also purchased for the Church a new mission home, located at 189 Koo Yong Road, Toorak S. E., Victoria.

The gospel had been taught in Australia over one hundred years before the mission was divided. As early as 1840, a young Elder from England, William Barrett, a sailor on a ship plying between England and Australia, delivered tracts in Sidney and attempted to make converts. In 1842, Andrew Anderson, a convert from Scotland, who had moved to Australia, baptized a few members in Sydney, where he had located. Then, in 1851, the Australian Mission was organized, with Elder John Murdock of Lehi, Utah, as the first president. The missionary work has continued since that time.

Australian National Travel Association
Photograph submitted by Adelphia D. Bingham

CENTENARY REGATTA FROM THE AIR, HOBART, TASMANIA

ıstralian National Travel Association
ıotograph submitted by Adelphia D. Bingham

KOALAS, LONE PINE FAUNA RESERVE, AUSTRALIA

Through the years many of the converts made in Australia have emi-rated to America and joined the saints in the valleys of the mountains. With the building of the new Latter-day Saint temple in New Zealand, is thought that more of the members in the South Pacific missions will ɔmain permanently in their homelands.

Elder Hugh B. Brown, Assistant to the Twelve, accompanied by Mrs. ›rown, arrived in Melbourne on January 6, 1957, to make a tour of the ›outh Australian Mission, with President and Mrs. Bingham. They visited ıe principal branches of the Church and held many meetings. Every-'here he went Elder Brown delivered inspiring and faith promoting mes-ıges and the saints, missionaries, and friends profited by his visit.

Ten Relief Society organizations, with 177 members, were reported ı December 1956. Adelphia D. Bingham presides over the South ıustralian Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, "Swan River From King's Park, Perth, Western ıustralia, was submitted by Adelphia D. Bingham, President, South Australian Mission ıelief Society. See also "Recipes From the South Australian Mission," page 511.

Society Sonnets

Frances C. Yost

SARAH Barnes listened attentively to the literature lesson given by Sister Nellie Morris.

"It is generally agreed that no other writer was so universal, so timeless, so full of all kinds of wisdom and so rich in beauty, as was Shakespeare." Sister Morris smiled at her class of sisters.

It seemed to Sarah Barnes that the world of literature opened for her here at these meetings each month. They seemed to fill the abyss of her meager education. She loved to read Shakespeare's plays and his poems. Why, Sarah thought, his sonnets are out of this world. If I could write a sonnet like one of his!

Sarah wished she weren't so timid. Why, even when she had a good thought, even when she knew the answer, and no one else did, she was too timid to raise her hand and participate. What was Sister Morris, the literature teacher, saying?

"Now, for a special assignment for next month, I want each of you to try to write a sonnet."

A groan rippled through the class of Relief Society sisters, followed by a mild chuckle. But Sister Morris, always in command of any situation, spoke, "Now mind you, I said *try*. Perhaps all of you won't be successful, but I hope you are. At any rate, I know of no better way for a person to appreciate the many wonderful sonnets Shakespeare has written, than to try to write one.

"Now, to help you carry out this assignment, I'm going to take a few minutes and here, on the board, outline the pattern of a sonnet, and give you some tips, which should make it easier for you.

"First, a sonnet has fourteen lines, and it is written in pentameter. Can someone explain what pentameter means?" Sister Morris smiled helpfully. Her method of teaching was always by class participation.

At first Sarah Barnes didn't recognize the word. She had always thought the pronunciation was penta-meter. But Sister Morris, who was so well grounded in English, pronounced it *pentam-eter*. So it surely was correct that way. That was the nice thing about Relief Society, you could learn things here that you would never learn at home, studying alone. Sarah wanted to raise her hand and tell the group that pentameter meant five feet to a line. She knew it was right, but she just couldn't make her hand go up, or her voice stay calm enough to speak. She wished she weren't so timid, when all of these sisters were her dear friends. She looked about. Sister Vera Means had raised her hand.

"Sister Means, will you tell us what pentameter means?" Sister Morris spoke kindly.

"It means five feet to a line. A foot in poetry is much like a bar in music, though the lines of course, are imaginary," Vera Means explained.

"Yes, that is correct, five feet to ch line," Sister Morris repeated. ien, turning to the blackboard, she ote the first line from one of akespeare's sonnets.

hen forty winters shall besiege thy brow. . . .

"Now, we'll use this for an exple. Will someone step to the ackboard and mark this line of etry off in pentameter?" Sister orris smiled as she challenged em.

Sarah Barnes studied the line refully. She would mark the first e through the center of *forty;* e second through the center of *nters;* the third after *shall;* and e fourth after *besiege.* But she uldn't raise her hand to answer e question, much less walk to the nt of the room, pick up the alk, and mark the meter in the e. She glanced about the room. ster Pearl Moffett, with a little barrassed laugh, walked to the ackboard, and marked it off just Sarah Barnes had figured it ould be.

"That's just fine," Sister Morris mplimented. "Now we have the e marked off in meter. Let's talk out accenting syllables. Words e like children, they have their nder places, which are not meant r spanking, such as the ears. We ust tap them lightly in some places d accent them harder in others."

HE sisters were enjoying the humor of Sister Morris. Then e continued: "Words have proper aces for accenting, and we must ver line them up in poetry, so ey will be accented improperly. ow let's study this line for ac-nt."

Sarah Barnes studied the line for awhile. She even repeated it in her mind: *When forty winters shall besiege thy brow.* The accents would, of course, fall on: *for, win, shall, siege, brow.*

"It's easy, sisters," Sister Morris encouraged. She looked about the room. Her eyes fell on Sarah Barnes. She must have seen her lips forming the accented syllables.

"I'm sure you can do this, Sister Barnes. You accent your own words so well." Nellie Morris handed the chalk to Sarah Barnes, saying: "Just draw a line like this, over the accented syllables."

Sarah Barnes was glad she had worn her nice suit today, if she was to stand in front of the ladies. She swallowed part of her timidity, and walked to the board and put the same diagonal accent line Sister Morris had used over: *for, win, shall, siege,* and *brow.*

"Perfect," Sister Morris beamed. "Now let's all scan this line. That is, let's te-tum it." Sister Morris laughed, and her laughter was catching. She had the ladies enjoying their lesson in poetry. "Here goes, put the stress on tum—te-tum, te-tum, te-tum, te-tum, te-tum. 'When forty winters shall besiege thy brow.'

"Now, the easy thing about a sonnet is that every line is the same as far as accent and meter go. So, instead of it being hard to write a sonnet, it is really quite easy when you get the idea." Sister Morris smiled encouragement.

Sarah Barnes, watching her, thought, yes, it is easy if one has as fine an education as Sister Morris.

"Now," continued Sister Morris, "let's scan this whole poem of Shakespeare's. This is one of my favorites, even though it isn't quoted as widely as others."

Her voice was excellent, in diction, emphasis, and interest. Sarah loved to hear Sister Morris read poetry.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held.
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This is to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

THERE was a hush in the Relief Society room as Sister Morris finished reading the sonnet. Then Sister Morris spoke. "I don't believe anyone has ever explained more vividly the joy of having children, and seeing them progress, living in your children and grandchildren, even after death, as has Shakespeare, in this sonnet. I hope you'll all take a copy of this poem and learn it, and enjoy it as much as I have.

"Now that we have the entire poem on the board, and we've talked about the accent and rhythm of the poem, let's talk a little about rhyme. If you'll notice every other line rhymes until we get to the last two, which rhyme. Now, an easy way to remember which lines should rhyme when you write a Shakespearean sonnet, is to number lines down to fourteen. Then, in front of each line, down to the last, write: A B A B; C D C D; E F E F; G G. Now, with this done, all you will have to do is make the A lines rhyme, the B lines rhyme, and so on down until you are finished. If you were writing some other kind of sonnet, you would use a different rhyme scheme, but the number of lines would be the same, and the number of feet and the type of accent would be the same.

"Now, I might say, also, that in Shakespeare's time, they used many contractions, such as the one in the last line, *feel'st*. But today contractions are frowned upon, so don't use them in your sonnet. Now, in the fourth line, which reads: *Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held,* today, we would not invert as Shakespeare has done. We would say, 'Will be a tattered weed, held of small worth.' So, in your verse writing, don't use inversions. Another thing to watch for is that the rhyme words used, should not, if at all possible, appear in the body of the poem. Again, I will use an example of this from our poem on the board. *Praise* is used as the rhyme word in the eighth line and repeated in the ninth line, but this is all right in this case, because it is repeated more for emphasis than for lack of another good word. Now, are there any questions on your assignment of writing a sonnet for next month's lesson?"

Sister Morris smiled sweetly at the class of sisters she was teaching.

"What if we can only write four nes, or maybe even two, and can't o any further?" Sister Mecham sked.

"There are lots of poems with nly two lines. They are called ouplets. There are poems with only our lines. They are called qua- rains. There are poems with six nes, which are called sestets. If you ave put over a complete thought n a shorter poem than a sonnet, hat will be just fine.

"But, please, all of you try!" Sis- r Morris urged. "If Shakespeare ould take the time and thought to rite all those wonderful plays and undreds of poems for people to ead and enjoy all through the years, urely we can write one tiny verse, o gain a better understanding of his ne accomplishments."

SARAH Barnes listened as Sister Morris finished her lesson. She as gaining so much joy and knowl- dge from this course. She kept hinking, if only I could write a onnet.

As Sarah Barnes walked the few locks from the chapel to her home, he kept repeating, "The mighty hakespeare, king of all the bards." Upon entering the house, even be- ore she took her suit jacket off, she urried to her little white desk in he kitchen and wrote:

f I could write a sonnet such as he
he mighty Shakespeare, king of all the bards.

She took her pencil and marked he lines for meter, as Sister Morris ad had them do at the meeting. ister Morris had said words are like eople—they don't care to be tapped n tender places. If one were not ure of the accent it could be looked up in the dictionary. Sarah studied the two lines carefully. Not a single word seemed to be lined up so the accent fell on the syllable which was not accented. The two lines were both perfect pentameter!

Sarah Barnes felt a thrill, with just two lines written. Of course, it was only a start. She hadn't even worked into the rhyme of it yet, much less completed a thought.

What would a good third line be? It would, of course, have to rhyme with *he*. Sarah Barnes toyed with the pencil as she thought, then scribbled: *A sonnet equal to a symphony*. She tested the line for meter and accent. It, too, seemed correct. Now, to think of one which would rhyme with bards, and still carry on the thought. *With neither faulty notes nor monochords.*

Sarah read the four lines over altogether. Not bad she thought, but the words bards and monochords, did not seem to be perfect rhymes. She glanced at the clock. It was time she was preparing dinner. She tucked the scribbled lines out of sight in the desk, hurried to change into a prim little housedress, and started peeling potatoes. She was glad she had set the salad and prepared the dessert before she went to Relief Society. "With all these poetry notions buzzing in my head," she said aloud, and smiled.

Anyway it had been fun, and it had made her think as nothing had for years and years. *If I could write a sonnet such as he*, she kept repeating, as if gaining courage to continue with the sonnet project which she had started.

Now she was in the mood for it, she found it fun writing verse. As

she fried the steaks, she thought of a fifth line: *Would that I could portray my soul with word.* She scribbled the words down, as the steaks browned. The sixth line didn't have to rhyme with the one preceding. Sarah reached out for something fine and fresh: *Words which would live on after life is past.*

Sarah Barnes tapped out the words with a sort of te-tum on her fingers as Sister Morris had done at meeting. Now the seventh line must rhyme with *word.* Sarah thought of bird, but bird was certainly off the subject. How would this be: *A perfect poem worthy to be heard?* Sarah wrote it down quickly.

STEVE Barnes was late coming home for dinner. Sarah, who usually peered out of the window and worried about his lateness, now turned her thoughts to adding another line to her sonnet. Let me see, the eighth should rhyme with *past.* How about, *And add a bit of joy to those downcast?*

Sarah leaned back in the chair and mused about the fun she was having. Eight lines already. Why she was more than half finished with a sonnet. Only six more lines to go, and she hadn't had the assignment more than three hours!

There wasn't time that evening for more versification. Sarah didn't want Steve to know she had been trying her hand at poetry. It might bring on one of his teasing moods. The Barnes couple enjoyed the evening talking about their experiences of the day. Sarah told of the lovely literature lesson Sister Morris had given on Shakespeare's sonnets, and she read the one aloud which she had copied from the blackboard.

Steve chuckled at the first line: *When forty winters shall besiege thy brow.* "Let's see I was forty when my brow was besieged, and I lost my hair."

But when Sarah came to the last two lines: *This is to be made new when thou art old, And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold,* Steve spoke of the joy of having children grow up and go out into the world and make successes of their lives.

"A person certainly hasn't lived for naught, when a fine posterity is left to carry on," Steve Barnes said.

Sarah was glad she had shared part of the literature lesson with him. It was just as Sister Morris had encouraged the sisters to do, to share the lessons with their family. Sarah found herself wishing that she had shared her Relief Society lessons more when the children had been home. It would have been good for the children and for her.

Sarah was bothered in the night with insomnia, but instead of worrying about little things when she couldn't sleep, she recited the first eight lines of her sonnet and thought of how she could finish it.

The next morning, she saw Steve off to his work and then started washing the breakfast dishes. Sister Morris had said that lots of her poems came to her as she washed dishes. Sarah washed and dried and thought of her sonnet. The ninth and tenth lines came together, as one. *If I could ponder, sift, and then refine my thoughts, then share them with the world of men.*

Sarah wrote them down, and reread them. It did sound a little like Kipling's "If" poem, but still it was

ot at all the same, except for the ord "if," and certainly Kipling had o corner on a word, when it was the dictionary for everyone to e.

Well she certainly had persisted ith this sonnet! She wrote the eventh and twelfth lines down. *Vrite sonnet structure in perfect ign, Play words as Shakespeare ayed each tragedienne.* Align was yming very nicely with refine, and agedienne with *world of men.* Did at seem right? It didn't seem ite right.

"It takes a little longer to do the shes. But I've never enjoyed the sk so much," Sarah said, as she ng the dish cloth neatly in its ace.

SHE turned to her sonnet. Twelve lines were there. Lots of poems ded with twelve lines, but Sister Morris had said that a poem was ot complete until the thought was mplete. If she could only clinch r thought with two more lines, nen she would have a poem of onnet length and a complete nought.

It was while she was dusting that ne thirteenth line came: *Then I ould touch another's own heart-rings.* "That's good, but I would ke to tell what writing a sonnet as done to me, deep inside," Sarah oke softly.

Quick as a flash the final line nade itself known: *Down deep within, my heart would also sing.*

Sarah Barnes had never been uite so excited, as she hurried to ne little white desk to write the ntire poem on a clean white sheet. he used the dictionary to check spelling and accent of words. Could it really have happened that she had written a sonnet at the age of sixty?

She shut her eyes. Even if no one ever sees this verse, she thought, I have accomplished something wonderful. It's done something for me, deep down inside. Did Shakespeare enjoy such a feeling of creation, when he finished a sonnet? "If only I could show it to Sister Morris," Sarah said.

The timidity which shrouded Sarah Barnes grew more dense, but she gave a shrug to sluff it off and spoke aloud: "I've been timid all my life, and what has it done for me?" Then, in a chiding voice, her better self spoke up: "Sarah Barnes, you get on the phone right this minute and call Sister Morris, and tell her you have completed your assignment. If she doesn't invite you over, ask her when it will be convenient to call." Then Sarah added, "After all, she did ask us all to stop in if we needed any help, and knowing Sister Morris, she meant every word of it."

Sarah Barnes dialed the number, but she wasn't prepared for the genuine joy which Sister Morris had in her voice when she answered, "Well, good for you, Sister Barnes! I just knew you could do it if you tried! Come over this afternoon by all means!" She hesitated for a moment then continued: "I guess I'm overanxious to see your work, but I have to pass your house on my way to the store in less than a half hour. I could drop in on you, if you like."

"Please do!" Sarah said warmly.

She was elated, as she hung up the receiver. She knew that it

would have been hard for her to wait until afternoon to see if the poem was good, if she had actually written a sonnet!

Sarah finished her morning work quickly and then removed her little work apron just before the doorbell rang.

Sister Morris read the poem silently. Then she tapped her fingers, and Sarah Barnes knew she was te-tum, te-tuming the poem for accent. What had she called it, scanning? She was putting a check here and there. Sarah's heart sank. Perhaps she had been foolish to even think she could write a sonnet at her age.

At length Sister Morris spoke: "Sister Barnes, it's lovely. It's just wonderful! You've put over such a fine thought and expressed a worthwhile feeling. You've shared your innermost self with others in this sonnet."

SARAH Barnes felt a joy within which had seldom been equaled. Sister Morris had actually called it a sonnet. What was she saying?

"There are one or two little places, I would suggest you think about. Perhaps you will want to revise it. Let's look up the word *monochord* in your dictionary."

Sarah Barnes couldn't feel hurt at Sister Morris, she was so kind, so helpful, the perfect teacher. Together they bent over the dictionary and read about monochords. "Why, a *monochord* was a single-string instrument used in medieval times," Sarah laughed. "I must have been thinking of *monotone!* Let's see, it should rhyme with bards. Could I use *discords?*" Sarah thought for a moment, and Sister Morris waited, and soon the revised line came: *With neither faulty notes nor sound discords.*

Sarah Barnes could feel her lifelong introvert trouble sort of dissolving in front of this understanding teacher.

"Now, in the eleventh line," Sister Morris pointed out, "the word *perfect,* is perfect." She laughed a little, then continued: "But the accent is wrong. So often in poetry writing one has to substitute a word, sometimes not quite so good, because of accent. Can you think of another word for *perfect,* which is two syllables, and the last syllable is accented, rather than the first?"

Sister Morris was so kind, so helpful, she wasn't using her own words to perfect the poem, she was helping her, like a good teacher would, to complete it herself. "How about *complete?*" Sarah asked.

"Complete is perfect!" Sister Morris chuckled, "even Shakespeare himself could have done no better!"

"Now that your sonnet is finished and revised, let's read it for depth and meaning," Sister Morris said. It was with the same fine, rich voice which she had used to read Shakespeare's *When forty winters shall besiege thy brow:*

If I could write a sonnet such as he,
The mighty Shakespeare, king of all the bards,
A sonnet equal to a symphony,
With neither faulty notes nor sound discords;
Would that I could portray my soul with word,
Words which would live on after life is past.
A perfect poem worthy to be heard,
Which would add joy to those who seem downcast.

I could ponder, sift, and then refine
ly thoughts, then share them with the world of men,
Write sonnet structure in complete align,
lay words, as Shakespeare played each tragedienne,
hen I could touch another's taut heart-string,
nd deep within, my heart would also sing.

There was a moment of complete ilence between the two women.

Then Sister Morris spoke, "Sister arnes, I want to tell you what this eans to me. All my life I have anted to be a schoolteacher, but was denied higher education. I've st studied by myself and learned lone. It was through the Relief ociety and other organizations that 've been able to fulfill a desire to each others. This sonnet you have ritten is proof that I can teach, hat I can help others to learn. You ee it's sort of proof that I have ut over the lesson. You've made me so very happy. And now I want o ask a favor. I want to read your sonnet at our next literature meeting. It's so good, such a gem!

"If the other sisters have captured the joy of creating, as you have, if they, too, have written poems of worth, I'll run off mimeograph copies of all, and we'll bind them, so that each of us may have a booklet to cherish all our lives. And, Sister Barnes, I want yours as the frontispiece!"

Sarah Barnes felt a change come over her. She knew that from now on she wouldn't be the timid little introvert she had always been. If Sister Morris could grow through study to become a fine teacher in the Church, why she would grow, too. She would answer questions when she knew them, and take part in the meetings. What had Sister Morris said: put their verses in a little booklet, so that each sister could have a copy of all the poems written. It was a good idea!

Sarah Barnes smiled and said: "We could name the booklet *Society Sonnets*."

Home

Mabel Jones Gabbott

This is the porch I played upon
As a toddling child; the years are gone
Swiftly, swiftly in time's whirl;
Yet, this is the door as a little girl
Through which how gladly I would go,
Running to school, so long ago.
The family home is not the same
Under other people's name;
Now in the room I laid my head
Other children's prayers are said;
And here where mother's raisin pies
Won her praise from lips and eyes
Others share good food and talk;
Slowly down the curving walk
My feet and heart in memory go,
Past the peonies' crimson glow.
Bricks may be scarred by wind and rain,
But love and memories remain.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

TWO SILK FLAGS: The Utah silk commission accomplished the making of two silk flags for the Jubilee which were used in the parade on the memorable 24th of July. The flags were of genuine home-made silk, cocoons raised and silk reeled right here in the city [Salt Lake City]—the reeling was done by two young girls, Miss Florence Harrison and Miss Maria Horrocks, and the entire work was done, and the flags were made under the directions of Mrs. Margaret A. Caine, whose untiring efforts in the matter of silk culture deserve public recognition. One of the flags was displayed by the Governor's staff and the other just next to President Woodruff's carriage.

—News Note

RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS VISIT SANPETE: After enjoying the kindly hospitality of the people of Mayfield . . . the party drove to Fayette, holding meeting in the new Relief Society hall . . . with nearly all the members present, as well as the young ladies. The president, Sister Eliza Bartholomew . . . is keenly alive to the duties of her . . . office and has an efficient aid in her husband, the worthy Bishop. The next appointment was at Gunnison. . . . The weather was quite cold and disagreeable, and the cheery pitch-pine fire which greeted our entrance into Bishop Madsen's dining room was only equaled by the warm welcome extended by the Bishop and his wife, who is the president of the Relief Society and is very energetic in her field of labor. Our meeting in the evening was well attended and a good spirit prevailed.

—From "Visits and Meetings"

JUBILEE POEM

(The Utah Pioneer Journey)

Now! Let the Scroll of Time awhile unroll—
That briefly we can scan on history's page—
A pilgrimage of fifty years ago,
Fraught with importance to this wondrous age . . . .

List! The jubilant echoes o'er mountain heights ringing,
List! The beautiful valleys resounding with praise,
List! The streams and the fountains together are singing—
A chorus of joy, on this day of all days . . . .

—Emily H. Woodmansee

OLD FOLKS DAY IN PAROWAN: Irrespective of creed, color or political faith, all who had passed three score or more milestones, adown the journey on this sphere, were entitled to a free seat, with all the comforts and attention that a bevy of good natured young people could bestow, and at one o'clock the large, new opera hall was filled with the honored guests, seated around tastily decorated tables laden so completely with the choicest dishes that it was a perfect surprise, and many queries were propounded as to where so many good things came from; right here our much loved President gave a feeling poetical address of welcome, the blessing was pronounced and the feast partaken of in a way that all were assured that the labors and generosity of the Relief Society members were truly appreciated. . . .

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President, represented Relief Society as a delegate at the meetings of the International Council of Women in Montreal, Canada, June 7th to June 15th, 1957. Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, as an alternate, representing the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, also attended the meetings. Thirty member nations were represented, with observers from additional countries.

DR. MARTHA ELIOT, former head of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, is now a professor in Harvard's School of Public Health. She says that the modern trend in some states to punish parents vicariously for children's delinquency, is "not only repugnant to American concepts of justice and fair play; it is contrary to sound social policy." The real need, she feels, is to provide the kinds of diagnostic counseling and guidance services that help parents who have serious personal or social problems.

MABEL LAW ATKINSON, Dayton, Idaho, a long-time contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has placed first and second and has also won honorable mention in the national 1956 Davis Contest for poetry contributing to everyday living. For the first time *all* the judges voted the prize-winning poem, "A Sixth Door Opens" first place. Mrs. Atkinson has used her Latter-day Saint teachings as the theme of the poem. Her poems also placed first in the Arnold Davidson's "Time" contest and second in the "Space" poem contest.

THREE women graduates of the University of Utah are now engaged in important foreign service work for the United States Department of State. Mrs. Isabel G. Blackstock is in the division of research for U. S. S. R. and Eastern Europe; Mrs. Marie W. Cannon is consul in Berlin; and Mrs. Alice B. Correll is in the office of special consular services.

DR. LEONA C. BAUMGARTNER, New York City Commissioner of Health, points out from statistics that the mothers who get the best quality of medical care during and after pregnancy, are the ones who produce the healthiest infants. Perinatal deaths (those occurring within thirty days after birth) take the lives of 165,000 infants a year. This number of deaths is exceeded only by the mortality from heart disease, cancer, and cerebral hemorrhage, or stroke.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 AUGUST 1957 NO. 8

A Day of Doing Common Things

IT has been said that summer is the swiftest season of the year. Although the time in actual hours is long between sunrise and sunset, and the blue twilight lingers in the valley, still the days for most women are filled with a multitude of duties. These tasks, some of them small and insignificant in themselves, require such a variety of activity, that many women say when day is done that nothing has been accomplished — the day has been wasted.

Yet how strange it is that a day which we may have considered as wasted may remain in our minds as perhaps the most sunlit day of our lives — the day in which we have most fully claimed our heritage as women and as homemakers.

Take the ordinary day of an ordinary woman, a day that seemed at its ending, and for years in memory, to hold in the limits of its swift hours a radiant circle of fulfillment.

A group of women while making a quilt were discussing some problems of homemaking, the need for scheduling one's time, and the feeling of accomplishment that comes with order and planned routine. Some of the women mentioned the necessity of being flexible enough to accept emergencies and to alter one's daily plans.

Then an elderly sister recounted the experiences of a day that she had remembered over the years. It was a summer day, in August, she said, when all of her children except the two-year-old daughter had gone with their father to the ranch, and she had a day allowing some liberty for choosing what she wanted to do.

Morning lay cool and beautiful upon her garden and the bordering orchard trees, inviting her to spend the early hours there. Her daughter, wandering at will through the flower garden, touched the blossoms lightly saying, "Pretty, pretty," as she walked along. Then, seeing a large red carnation blossom, she seized it quickly and broke the flower from the stem. The mother turned to say, "Oh, no, don't pick the flowers," and she saw the little girl trying eagerly to put the blossom back on the stem — an impossible task, as the child soon found out. But the mother saw the significance of that little garden incident on an ordinary day — there are in our lives those events which have happened and cannot be changed — those mistakes, large or small, which cannot be completely mended.

Later, on that summer morning, the woman began to make bread. She had prepared her own yeast and it was covered with white foam. As she measured the brown flour and added milk, she thought of bread as a blessing, and the making of bread as an ancient and honored art — a brown loaf as the pride of homemakers since first the pioneer women had come to the sagebrush valley

l turned its wilderness to fields of in. Breadmaking is not a task, thought, but a privilege, the ssed symbol of life, the evidence plenty — food for her family. And breadmaking was in itself a aming segment of the circle of ummer day.

In the afternoon, while the child pt, and there was a quiet time, mother went to the bookcase d picked up a volume of poems ich her grandfather, treasuring rich legacy of his homeland, had ught from England — *Selected ems of William Wordsworth.* e had not had time for much read-, but she turned again to her orite lines from the poem "I aveled Among Unknown Men":

nong thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
d she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

It seemed to this woman that the em not only expressed the love her ancestors for their homeland, t it made the line of descent seem ore precious to her and added sig-ficance to her records and her nealogical work, as if a shining ht illumined the pathway of her refathers and her own destiny as ell.

So much can happen on an ordi-ry day. In the afternoon she saw r elderly neighbor across the reet being wheeled out to the rch, and she remembered that it d been several days since she had visited this woman who was not able to walk about and enjoy the summer. She wrapped a loaf of the newly baked bread in a clean cloth, took two of the crimson roses from the vase on the table, and with the little girl at her side, she crossed the street and greeted her neighbor.

The elderly woman smiled and expressed her appreciation. "I want to tell you about the things I can see from this porch," she said. She mentioned the panorama of the red foothills, the dark blue slopes of evergreens, and the crown of granite peaks. "The hills give me courage," she said, "remember the gospel hymn, 'For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our fathers' God. . . .' "

The younger woman then looked with newer vision upon her valley and the guardian mountains. Almost she said to herself, "Count your blessings. . . ." And the feeling was part of the summer day — a day that turned to twilight as the woman returned to her own home and set the supper table for her family.

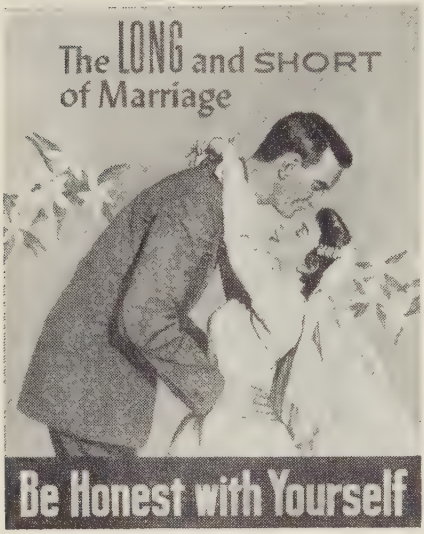
It was only an ordinary day — and yet each event seemed to glow with importance and a shining grandeur that made this woman's day one long to be remembered. Remembered not because of each task or incident within itself, but remembered because each happening seemed an integral part of life and contributed richly to her fulfillment as a woman and as a homemaker.

—V. P. C.

And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up e foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the each, The restorer of paths to dwell in (Isaiah 58:12).

The Long and Short of Marriage

The Continuity of Companionship



RECENTLY a young woman was traveling with her parents toward a temple where she would meet her bridegroom, and their marriage would be performed in accordance with her faith and the covenants of her people.

Over this road, she said to herself, my grandfather drove his wagon from his farm on the river, traveling to the temple to participate in eternal ordinances for his kindred dead who had passed away in lands beyond the sea, not knowing of the gospel and the Priesthood power for sealing husbands and wives in companionship forever. The white towers of the temple and its walls of native stone rose high on the rounded green hill, and to the young bride, all the surrounding mountains seemed to shout for joy. Here in this valley, she thought, my mother's people planned for a temple while they were still living in dugouts, while much of the valley was yet untilled, where no granaries were needed to hold the meager harvest, while there was not a meetinghouse or a Relief Society hall in all the valley.

Her people had looked toward a spiritual light and had labored for a spiritual accomplishment. It seemed to her that the continuity of the gospel was a shelter about her and as a mansion of beauty in which she would be privileged to live during her earthly life and in the long tomorrows. This is my homeland, she thought, these are my mountains and my hills. These are my people and this is my valley, the privilege and the blessing of going to the temple are mine.

She thought of the future years with her husband. She knew that trouble and problems come to all earth's people, but she knew, also, that the feeling of continuity and permanence bestowed by temple marriage would be as a tower of strength to her and her husband, and that the tower would be lighted forever, even as the morning sunlight shone upon the temple above the green hills of home. She knew that when the pathway is lighted, one can perceive direction, one can be guided, one can better avoid byways of dissension and conflict. For them, newly married, and even into the twilight years, their destination would be in view, they would know in full surety that no earthly mischance could separate them — that their union would be forever.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Recipes From the South Australian Mission

Submitted by Adelphia D. Bingham

Pineapple Pudding

tin (2½ c.) pineapple chunks
pkg. jelly crystals (jello)
eggs
1 pt. milk
1 tbsp. corn flour (cornstarch)
1 tbsp. sugar

Cut the pineapple into small pieces and put into a dish. Pour off the juice. Make boiled custard with yolks of eggs, milk, corn flour, and sugar, adding a little vanilla. When cool, pour custard over pineapple and stir well together. Pour hot pineapple juice over the jello and, if necessary, add enough water to make one pint of liquid. Beat egg whites stiff and when jello is partly set beat in the egg whites. Pour this carefully over the custard. Leave to set and then serve with whipped cream. (Fresh pineapple is not suitable, use only preserved or tinned pineapple.)

Raspberry Shortbread

½ lb. butter
½ c. self-rising flour
¾ c. sugar
1 egg

Rub butter into flour, add sugar and egg, and work into a stiff dough. Line the tray with the dough and thinly spread raspberry jam over it.

Filling for Shortbread

1 c. coconut
1 c. sugar
1 egg

Mix together the coconut, sugar, and egg. Spread this over the jam. Bake in moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Leave in tray until cold and then cut into small slices.

Note: To make self-rising flour, add baking powder to ordinary flour in proportions suggested on the can.

Lamingtons

3 eggs
1 c. sugar
1 c. self-rising flour
1 tbsp. butter
½ c. boiling water

Beat eggs and sugar for fifteen minutes, add flour, then add butter and boiling water. Bake twenty-five minutes. When cold, cut into squares, dip into chocolate icing, and roll in coconut.

Beefsteak Pudding

1¼ lbs. steak
2 sheeps' kidneys
1 onion
½ c. water
¼ c. plain flour
salt and pepper
water (small amount)

Cut steak into small pieces, add onion, pepper, salt, and flour. Put into steamer.

Pudding

4 ozs. beef suet
1½ c. self-rising flour

Grate the beef suet into the self-rising flour, adding a pinch of salt. Rub the flour and suet together and mix with a little water. Place this on top of meat in steamer. Steam four hours.

Seasoned Steak

1 lb. steak
2 potatoes
salt and pepper
2 small onions
3 tomatoes
grated cheese

Put a little dripping or water in baking dish, having it very hot. Lay the steak, which should be about one inch thick, in the baking dish, baking rather slowly for fifteen minutes. Baste well and season with a little pepper and salt. Slice onions very thin and cover meat in an even layer. Bake this until the onions are tender. Then cover with a thin layer of potatoes and bake until tender. Cover with slices of tomatoes and bake until tender, with occasional basting. Then sprinkle with grated cheese, letting it melt before serving.

Passion Fruit Flummery

1 c. milk
1 egg
½ c. sugar
1 c. hot water
1 pkg. lemon jelly (jello)
4 passion fruit (use only juice and seeds)

Beat egg and sugar to a froth. Add milk. Dissolve jelly (jello) in hot water. Add to mixture. Add passion fruit and beat well. Leave to set.

Plum Pudding

2 c. white bread crumbs
3 ripe bananas, cut up
1 c. seedless raisins
1 c. seeded raisins
1 tsp. soda mixed in ¾ c. milk

Mix all together and steam for two hours. Serve with any desired sauce.

Chocolate Sauce Pudding

2 tbsp. butter
1 c. sugar
1 egg
1 c. flour, or more
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. cocoa
½ c. milk
½ tsp. vanilla
pinch of salt
1¼ c. hot water

Cream butter and ½ c. sugar, add egg and mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Pour into greased pan. Mix together ½ c. sugar and 1 tbsp. cocoa and sprinkle over mixture. Lastly, over all, pour 1¼ c. hot water. Cover and steam 1½-2 hours. Serve with cream.

Lemon Snowdrift Cake

½ c. butter
1 c. sugar
1 c. flour
3 eggs
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. grated lemon rind

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs gradually. Mix in lemon rind, then stir in sifted flour and baking powder. Blend until smooth. Bake in round cake pans, in moderate oven, 350° for 15-20 minutes. Put together with lemon filling, and sprinkle top with powdered sugar.

Lemon Filling:

½ c. water
½ c. sugar
juice of 1 lemon
1 tbsp. butter
1 egg
2 tsp. cornstarch

Beat egg in saucepan, add rest of ingredients, and stir over heat until thick. Cook ut 1 minute.

Afternoon Cake

tbsp butter
c. sugar
egg
c. milk
1 c. flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, milk, vanilla, and flour containing baking powder. ur into greased cake pan and bake twenty-five minutes. When cooked, spread with tter while still hot, then sprinkle on top, the following mixed together:

tsp. cinnamon
tsp. coconut, chopped fine
2 tsp. powdered sugar

Ella J. Kotter Finds Self-Expression Through Color Combinations and Designs of Quilts

OR Sister Ella J. Kotter, eighty-five, of Brigham City, Utah, making hand-pieced quilts is not only a hobby but it is also an art through which she expresses her feel-gs for colors and designs. She has made over fifty of these beautiful quilts, some of ich she has given as gifts to her seven children and sixteen grandchildren.

She was born in Brigham City of pioneer parents, Andrew C. Jensen and Anna arie Carlson Jensen. She married the late William F. Kotter. Sister Kotter served a Relief Society counselor for eight years, and then as president in the Brigham City urth Ward for three years. She also devoted many years as a visiting teacher.

Sister Kotter has found happiness and contentment in life, when she keeps her nds and her mind busy.

Holly

Part II

(Conclusion)

Margaret S. Hardy

Synopsis: Holly and her husband Jesse live in a log cabin on a pioneer homestead, where drought has destroyed the crops. Holly, who is expecting her first child, is left alone in the cabin when Jesse is called to help the other farmers fight a flash flood. Fearful of being alone, Holly goes out into the darkness in an attempt to get help. She is rescued and taken to the midwife's home where her son is born.

THE end of August found Jesse working in the sawmill and Holly moved into a dugout—damp, dark, but a roof no less. The day was cool and fine when Holly walked to town to meet the mail coach. The destroying rain had, also, brought new life to the sun-baked earth and Holly found pleasure in every step. She left the path and turned down Shoonsburg road and past Doe Ketting's house. Doe was left all alone since Cam went on his mission. The thought made Holly feel uneasy and her feet moved faster, as she held the baby close. Jesse could be called—oh, perish the thought — her without a house and a new baby to look after in this land of Indians and wild beasts. But the thought had filled her with fear.

"Holly! Wait!"

She stopped and turned to see Doe hurrying after her.

"The mail coach is already come, Holly, and strangers on it. And a letter from Cam. Fourteen months and he'll be home."

"Fourteen months, Doe! Fourteen years!" Holly cried out, then clamped her lips shut tight and threw her hand up to her mouth lest she should say more. Then, with sympathy for Doe, and thinking of herself, too, she lowered her voice.

"What's it like, Doe, with having to find your own food, and Indians coming to your door at night when you're alone? I could never stand it, Doe. Never."

"It may be that one who lacks the courage was not made for pioneering."

Holly felt a hot blush rise and words caught in her throat.

"I'm not — it's not that. . . ." She stopped to look into Doe's face. Then, "Things aren't always the way they seem," she said. "Jesse has never been called."

Holly turned to leave and saw Doe's hand stretched out—heard words meant to pacify—but couldn't stop her moving feet to turn back.

Back up Shoonsburg road she went; back up the path that led over the hill. The resting place not far ahead and the dugout below, where some day soon she would see a stone house, a story and a half; and she would walk home leaning on Jesse's arm, new shoes on her feet, and a parasol in her hand.

"This is a right fine day for a lady to be out for a stroll without shoes, and carrying a baby besides," said a voice beside her.

Holly jumped and stooped to cover her toes with her skirt.

"Why, Captain John, it's you, d on foot."

"I came on the mail coach, Holly; me to muster up a team of men take a wagon train back to the ntes; and Jesse to head it."

THE path did a dance before Holly's eyes, and she laid her nd against the big arm beside her steady herself until she found her ice. It came, sounding weak and away, "To go after immigrants?" olly's feet were rooted to the ound.

"They need help to come West, olly. Jesse's the man we need." e spoke with authority, a leader . "You should know that, Holly. ur wagon train had a guard—you uldn't come without it."

Something remembered, a flick- of hope, and Holly raised an ger face to Captain John's. "Oh, aptain John!" she explained, "you ven't heard about us—I mean the od taking our house and Jesse ving to build a new one with nter coming, and the baby and . . . ."

"This call doesn't come from me, olly. It comes from higher up."

Words sprang to her lips unspok- , the ring of them terrifying in r mind lest she should blurt them t; thoughts that should never ve come into her head. Her legs oved her feet slowly forward, and ey climbed in silence up the wind- g path, Holly first, picking her way oughtlessly, each step a habit. aptain John was following, the inding of his boots on the stones e only sound. Holly looked around r at the red hills and the harsh, rren land of stone and sun wait- ing still to be conquered. This was her home, bought and held with the faith and sacrifice of the women and the straining and toiling of the men. Grasshoppers — famine — floods; babies born in wagons — loved ones laid away in forgotten graves. That was the price they had paid. She, too, had paid, and the pride of it crept into her heart. Here her son would grow strong, where only the strong could live. She would be one with Doe, and with the others; so many young wives were alone, and more men would be going now.

She lifted her face again to the Captain beside her.

"Will Jesse be a *captain* like you, Captain John?"

* * * * *

THE summer sun was gone, and the winter sun came, filtering through the small dugout window. Holly awoke with a start. This would be the day. The Indian runner had said the wagon train was three sleeps away. This was the third sleep Holly had taken, so at this very minute Captain Jesse would be riding out his last day. Some five months before, Holly had started to mark the miles off on the dugout wall. Twenty miles a day she had counted — and sometimes maybe more, given good oxen and peaceable Indians. Twenty hundred miles had marched across her wall—and she had counted him home some twenty-three days before.

And then Panimeto had come with news of the wagon train upstate and the bravery of Captain Jesse. Fancied pictures came to her mind—a picture of Jesse, at the company's head, with a decision to

make. Indians preparing for an attack, their wolf-calls carrying through the quiet of the dread night. A picture of Jesse crawling on his stomach beneath the Indian sentry's very nose — stampeding the horses while the warriors danced in a frenzy around the fire. And best of all, the picture of Jesse leaping from his horse and coming straight to her, their baby in her arms. And with a new pair of shoes for her. No doubt about it.

She sprang from her bed. "Oh, happy day in the morning" burst from her lips as she hurried about her morning tasks. Work done, she wrapped the baby in his wooly and stepped from the dugout and up the frosty path. Excitement made her feet fleet, and no weariness was in her. Holly walked swiftly by Doe's house, but a slamming door and Doe's voice calling brought her to a stop.

"No need to hurry so, Holly," she called. "No wagon train has arrived or we'd have heard."

"I'm going to the store."

"To buy, or warm your feet?"

A blushing warmth started to spread over Holly's body and she looked to see if her toes were showing from under the ragged hem of her dress. It was then that she saw Doe's feet—as bare as her own and likely as cold.

EVENING, and the cold brisked up and a bright moon was promised for the night. Preparations for the welcome-home dance were completed, though no wagon train as yet had arrived. The social hall filled early with merry dancers young and old. Admission, two candles—one for light and one to pay the fiddlers. Holly stepped inside and looked for a corner in which to put her box lunch, neatly packed in a pan. Alongside the hall, logs covered with bright quilts for better sitting were already well filled with widows and wallflowers. An empty spot, and Holly settled herself, tucked her feet under her skirt, and looked around her.

The hall warmed with the dancers, and men's bright linsey shirts looked brighter still for dampness on the backs. Babies were wrapped in blankets laid on benches, pressed against the wall to keep from rolling. Children grew weary and hungry for the lunches waiting in the corner. Candles, held fast in turnip holders, flickered lower after every dance, dripped their tallow on whoever sat beneath them. And Holly's heart grew tired with its pounding.

Supper — and enough for the travelers, but none to share it yet. Fancy fare, thought Holly, beans, baked in molasses, cold steamed mutton, biscuits. The memory of long, lean months past, with little to eat, crowded into her mind, and she felt hungrier than she had ever felt in her life. Merriment dimmed as the bishop raised his hand for silence and a blessing on the food. Stillness over the hall, and night sounds creeping in from out of doors. Holly listened to every grateful word and heard the people moving when the prayer was ended.

Then came another sound, and this one from outside, faint and far away. A pause, and she heard it again. Her heart beat faster. Were only *her* ears tuned for the sound? She mustn't run. It would not be

proper. Walk like a lady across the floor. No one else had heard.

She reached the doorway. The brightness of the moonlight night was lighter than the hall had been. Now she could shout, "They're coming — they're here."

She heard feet shuffling behind her, but she was first. First to see Jesse leading the guard whose banners were flying in the moonlight, making their way down Shoonsburg road, the whitetops lumbering behind, creaking, moaning, weary.

"Captain Jesse!"

She ran down the moon-splashed road toward the procession. She could see him more clearly now, sitting tall astride his horse — hero to these — but husband to her. He saw her. The captain of the guard was swinging down from his horse, a pair of shoes dangling from his belt.

Then, inside the hall, it was fiddle and song, and the benches were emptied. So much running through Holly's mind, so much to be grateful for, with Jesse at her side and her feet warm once more. Doe was sitting by the fiddler's table, and Cam still away on his mission. Holly felt a sudden surge of compassion for Doe, and she left the floor and went to her and kissed her cheek.

"Cam will be home soon, Doe, and then maybe you'll have a baby. . . ."

The hand on her arm was Jesse's.

"Shall we go home, Holly love?"

Holly turned to look up into Jesse's face. Home! The dugout over the hill. Wagon, log cabin, stone house in the cedars. A place wrung out of the barren wilderness. Home was where Jesse was, no matter what. He would be called to go away again without a doubt, and she would be ready to let him go—ready to welcome him home again. She leaned against Jesse and smiled at him, the baby in her arms, at last, her answer came.

"I'm ready, Jesse. We're ready," she said.

Glimpse of Heaven

Ruth Lounsbury

We hold within the circle of our home
A portion of our Heavenly Father's grace,
For him we guide each child to us endeared,
We catch a glimpse of heaven in each face.
On family night we pause to count our gifts,
Each one, a precious jewel of priceless worth.
Our kingdom, reaching far beyond this sphere,
Is anchored in our home, its earthly berth.
How sweet the ties of family love that bind
Each soul on earth to those in heaven above!
When kneeling in our daily family prayer
How near we come to God's own perfect love!

A Need for Patience

Myrtle M. Dean

ONE evening I called to visit for a few moments with a young mother who had three small boys. Her husband was away from home on an assignment for the government, leaving her with the full responsibility of the children.

She invited me in, and as we sat to talk she dropped heavily on to her chair. Tears came to her eyes when she spoke.

"At last the children are all in bed and asleep." Then she continued, "Oh, how I pray for patience, every night."

I remembered the days when my own children were small, and were growing up; how difficult it was to meet patiently all the daily problems.

"They look so sweet and innocent when they are asleep, all safe for the night in their beds. And I feel ashamed then that I have been so impatient with their little, mischievous ways," the young woman said.

I, too, know the regret one feels for impatience. As a child kneels at your knee to repeat his prayer; as you tuck him in bed all rosy and clean, and after a good-night kiss he soon falls asleep, then a great thankfulness fills you for your children.

I smiled at the mother as I told her, "You have found the secret to help you with your problems—a prayer for patience."

As I left her, I thought of the great need each of us has for patience every day.

Usually it is the mother who must keep the home atmosphere free from disturbance and emotional tensions. She must satisfy the family's needs for food and clothing; their surroundings must be kept clean and comfortable. Even more important, she must be an ever-ready spiritual adviser when a need arises. A mother, too, must undergo the ceaseless repetitions of daily tasks, and intelligently answer the numerous, persistent questions of a family. She must be a wise arbiter of their childish differences.

To attain a truly peaceful and tranquil atmosphere in the home, one's serenity must be genuine. It is not enough to display an outward composure when there is an undercurrent of seething tension. Children readily discern deception or pretense. It is only by continued awareness that a habit of thoughtful patience may be established.

Just as a flock of birds congregating in a green meadow will surely be put to flight by a sudden sound or some foreign object coming too close to them, so will the joy be banished from a happy heart, and the brightness of a peaceful day be darkened by a hasty word or unkind action.

It takes courage and fortitude to curb impatient words and impetuous emotions. Through a sincere prayer, we may receive the help to attain to the patience we desire. Each morning at the beginning of a new day, a prayer will give strength and courage. A prayer every night will bring gratitude, comfort, and peace.

Expression

Gene Romolo

Not alone man speaks; all nature voices,
In varying moods, a language of its own,
And every comprehending soul rejoices
In myriad tongues of nature's magic tone.

They who hearken unto nature's language
Receive the largess of a boon sublime,
For nature gives expressions of all time,
And of all seasons, and far and near are flung
Enchanting strains its lilting voice has sung.

Ward Linton

WHITE AZALEAS

End of Summer

Catherine E. Berry

How fast the days are running now,
As if some ghostly winds
Were prodding them to speed ahead,
Before the earth rescinds
The little time that summer has
Before the cycle turns,
And autumn brings her caravan,
And every leaf pile burns.

The August days are flying past
The calendar of hours,
With lavish beauty scattered now
In carpets starred with flowers.
And summer spends her last few coins
Each blue-bright day and night
To garner all the earth can give,
Before her final flight.

All Is Well

Queenie Jenkins

THE snow had stopped falling through the night and the brisk wind was busily tidying up the landscape outside the Sutherland's kitchen, where Matty was busy preparing breakfast; and in the bathroom, Kirk, her husband, was doing his best to warble "The Donkey Serenade" melodiously under the cold shower and not making a very great success of it.

As she listened to him, Matty mentally stamped her foot. How could he be so cheerful, she wondered, when she felt so downhearted. This was their first Thanksgiving Day in America, and she had hoped they would spend it in their own quiet home. But Kirk had had it planned to the last detail before he told her. Yet, she might have expected it, she reminded herself, because back home in Australia, he had described Thanksgiving in America over and over to her.

Dreamily she thought back to the time when she had first met him. She had been a governess on an isolated sheep station where Kirk was the manager.

She had thought Australians were the tallest men, but they had nothing on Kirk. He stood six feet six inches in his socks. Tall, dark, and handsome described him perfectly. She had fallen in love at once.

On moonlight nights, when they went for walks, Kirk had told her all about the life back in the States. The only thing he hadn't told her, was the size of the families. She had imagined the ordinary Australian family. But it wasn't that way at all. There were eight brothers and four sisters who were all married and had large families. Since she and Kirk were the only ones without a family, they were in constant demand to help out with this or that.

Then, too, she had been interested in the way he described his Church. From what she could make out, the entire family spent most of their lives in Church meetings. She was entranced as she listened to the way Latter-day Saints loved their Church and all attended the meetings together. Then Kirk had said, "Oh, darling, you'll love it, too. You couldn't help it." After a year of married life, Matty agreed with him wholeheartedly. Never, in all her life had she experienced the feeling of belonging as she had among the saints.

Each time she met them she experienced the same warm glow. But, to get back to Thanksgiving — it seemed like the Church; it was a whole family affair. Kirk had informed her that the boys, meaning his brothers and himself, would be fixing the corral fence, and Matty felt as though, for all she would see of her husband, they might have been separated with one at the North Pole and one at the South Pole.

Now, as Kirk left the table and passed her chair, he kissed the back of her neck and murmured in her ear, "Know something, honey?"

"What?" asked Matty.

"Your husband loves you very much, Sister Sutherland," and Matty felt the same old thrill as she listened to him.

"Kirk, couldn't we . . ." she started, then stopped.

"Couldn't we what, sweetheart? Come on, tell me what you started to say."

"All right, I will." Matty took a deep breath and then let it out in one long sentence. "Couldn't we just forget the family for once and go away on our own somewhere?"

Kirk let her go as he gasped, "Forget the family? Not go to Thanksgiving dinner? Darling, you're joking."

"No, Kirk, I'm not. I've been wanting us to be alone and somehow we never get to be. Can't you understand, dear?"

"Yes, perhaps, I can at that."

"Then you will? Forget them, I mean, just this once?"

"No, honey, we can't do that. Look, let's try to be sensible. Everything is prepared. Everybody. . . ."

"Oh, stop it!" cried Matty. "All right, we'll go. Put them all before me. See if I care." Matty burst into tears.

Kirk took her into his arms and said, "Darling, what's gone wrong with our wonderful day?"

"That's just it," sobbed Matty. "It isn't our day."

"Well, listen, we'll just go along and see how it goes, huh? Just to please Mother? You know, she loves you very much, and wants you every bit as much as she does me. She's planned on this reunion on Thanksgiving all those years while I was over in Australia. We can't let her down now, can we?"

"No, I guess not," said Matty as she followed him out to the car.

WHEN they arrived at Kirk's home, his mother greeted her lovingly and said, "Oh, I'm so glad you're here. Will you help with the twins? You have such a wonderful way with them, dear."

Somehow, those few words warmed Matty's heart, so that, after dinner when the children had left the table and the adult members of the family were sitting there quietly chatting, Matty said, "Mother, has anything been arranged about Christmas day? I mean, where we are to meet?"

"Why, no, dear, we were going to discuss that over dinner, but we didn't get around to it."

Matty found Kirk's hand in hers as she said, "Then why don't you all come over to our place and celebrate there?" She heard Kirk's gasp, "atta girl," and then remembered nothing more until she found herself in bed, with the doctor son, Ralph, standing beside the bed, looking at her with a wise smile.

"Well, Matty, you gave us quite a scare. I'm going to talk to that lanky husband of yours in a minute, and — here comes Mother. I'll see you later, Matty"

Suddenly, Matty found herself in tears and was drawn into the older woman's arms, while the latter spoke soothingly as she would to a child. "You are all right now."

"But, what happened, Mother?"

"Well, dear, first, I guess we Sutherlands have been getting too much for you. Is that right?"

Matty drew away and asked wonderingly, "You knew?"

The older woman nodded, "Yes, dear, more than you think. I went through much the same experience. When I married, I had no idea what family life meant to the Latter-day Saints. Let me try to explain it to you, if you're not too tired?"

Matty nodded and lay back on the pillows as Mother Sutherland continued.

"To Latter-day Saints, family life is very important. Each member is a unit, and all units blend together to make a perfect whole. There is a oneness in Latter-day Saint families that is not often found outside the Church. All are bound together with divine love, the same love that bound the pioneers together and enabled them to make the trek to the Salt Lake Valley.

"This love enabled them to fulfill the promise of the Prophet Isaiah when he wrote in the Bible, 'and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.' And it isn't only the families that are united in this way. Every family is a unit in the Church and all these units, closely bound together with one purpose, loving and serving one another, and our Heavenly Father, make the Church into one glorious whole.

"And I think that someday soon, there's going to be a new unit in your family, binding you and Kirk together into a firmer oneness. But now," she paused, "listen."

And softly, wafting upstairs, could be heard the blending of voices singing the last part of the hymn beloved by all Latter-day Saints, "All is well."

Matty, with shining eyes, whispered, "I'm a lucky girl, to have such a wonderful mother and husband. I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for leading me here to you. Truly, all is well."

They Fell the Ancient Elms Today

Dorothy J. Roberts

Watch, for they fell a bygone year,
A song, the touch of a pioneer.
See, little son, from the root's dim hold
Is poured a mound of powdered gold,
And a seed's long, skyward climb toward might
Falls like a meteor's arch in the night.
Pause with me and count the rings;
The leaves are trembling; no bird sings.
Nine pools of earth on the lawn lie bare;
Come stand in the noon's unlidded glare.
The shadow and veil of shade torn down,
How naked the sky and the gabled town.
The worm of age has found the wood,
This bower where we dreamed and stood,
These boughs—once winter lutes and spars—
These twigs that caught for us the stars.
Spring still lies green on every limb
And wakens in the heart a hymn.
These scars will heal, that mar the grass;
Your sons will come; strange footsteps pass.
New elms will lift their branches up,
Feathered with leaves and the linnet's cup.

The Bright Star

Chapter 6

Dorothy S. Romney

Synopsis: Kathy Tracy, an orphan who ishes to become an artist, lives with her unt Emerald Jewel Tracy in an old-fash-ned house overlooking San Francisco ay. Kathy plans to accept a position in n office building in San Francisco owned Phineas Fenton, a neighbor and friend the family, but her aunt suffers a partial roke and Kathy remains at home to care or her. During her illness Aunt Em ntions something about a sea chest in e China house and a Bright Star, which athy feels may reveal something of her rentage and her past. Her romance ith Jim Parker gradually becomes of less nportance to her and finally Jim intro-uces Kathy to Lina Carlson, his neighbor, whom he is interested. In the mean-me Marc Hale, a stranger, has rented e China house, and one day while visit-g with Aunt Em and Kathy, he tells athy that the picture which she is paint-g for an art contest is very good. At e China house during Marc's temporary sence Kathy finds the Bright Star, a chly embossed locket.

KATHY wandered into the living room, the solitude of the old gray house closing all round her. At times she liked this eling of aloofness, but not today. he finished picture was on the ving-room table. There were wrap-ings in the table drawer, and just nough daylight left to walk into e village, mail the picture, then e Mr. Rickson about that job. But he was afraid she wouldn't ac-omplish this errand today.

She was cutting the string on the st knot of the package when Marta ame quietly out of Miss Em's bed-om. "She's asleep," she an-ounced. "What was all the excite-ent about?"

"I don't know," Kathy answered.

"Mailing a package?" Marta asked.

"I wanted to — it's my picture," she explained, "but now. . . ."

"Go ahead," Marta offered generously. "Ed's pickup truck is outside. That will get you there and back in a hurry. Here's the key." She handed Kathy a key-ring. "I'll stay until you come back — fresh air'll do you good."

Kathy took the key with a grateful thanks, got her package, coin purse, and driver's license, and hurried out to the pickup. She had learned to drive before Miss Em's old car had fallen apart.

She made her way slowly along Pine Road, taking the sharp turns carefully. Suddenly she drove out of the fog into sunshine. She had begun to feel dank and droopy herself. It was good to be suddenly thrust into a golden, glimmery, faintly dusty world.

She stopped at the post office first, mailed her package, then walked to the souvenir shop. Her heart sank as she entered the shop. Mr. Rickson was nowhere in sight, and there was a young girl in charge. I'm too late, she thought, he's already hired someone.

"Hi," the girl said, "remember me? I'm Roni Rickson. I met you at a music festival in the village last year."

Kathy nodded, and the girl explained, "Dad thinks I'm too young to be left here alone, but he had

to go into the city on urgent business. He hasn't been able to find anyone willing to work part time yet, and that's all the help he can afford to hire," Roni chattered on.

This was good news. Kathy made a small purchase out of the coin purse in her pocket, and bade Roni goodbye, thinking, I'll be back first thing in the morning.

SHE remembered Aunt Em had wanted a certain book from the library. She turned her footsteps in that direction. Kathy found the book, and was returning to the street door, when the figure of Marc Hale caught her eye. She was close enough to him to see that he was looking over a file of yellowed newspapers, so absorbed he was apparently oblivious to all else. She wouldn't disturb him.

She walked out to the pickup, and started along Pine Road. She tried to concentrate on other things, but her mind kept returning to Marc and his absorption in his task.

Marta greeted her: "Jim Parker was here. Seemed to have something on his mind. Said he'd come back later."

"Hmm," Kathy murmured, "I wonder. . . ."

She thanked Marta and bade her goodnight, then settled herself in the living room. She'd learned to respect her moments of solitude and to use them wisely. There were a dozen or more mending jobs to be gotten out of the way. Then her hand slipped into her sweater pocket. Aunt Em's Bright Star! She moved to a stool near the flickering flames of the fire Marta had built in the fireplace, and unwrapped the small package. She'd never have any peace of mind until she looked at it, she knew.

It was a large, expensive looking locket, diamonds sparkling from its entire star-shaped surface. Kathy took a deep breath, and pressed open the back. Inside was a tinted picture of a man and a woman. The woman had the exact shade of red hair as her own. "My father and mother," she whispered, unable to mistake the resemblance. "Marie and Phineas Fenton, Jr.," was engraved on the gold back of the locket.

"Phineas Fenton, Jr.," she repeated again, so dazed to see her parents for the first time she didn't stop to analyze fully what the name meant.

She examined their every feature, an ache in her heart to think that she had never known them. After a time, she walked to the corner of the room and opened the lid of the huge Chinese chest. For a moment she simply stood there, her eyes brooding on past memories. She could see herself sitting on Grandfather Tracy's knee, his arm held lovingly about her, as he slowly unfolded his fascinating tales of faraway places. Places with names that rang like bells, bronze bells in ancient temples, silver ones on cornices of pagodas standing tall above rice swamps — China. Memories of herself and Aunt Em sitting in the eight-sided cupola patiently watching for Grandfather's ship to round into the Golden Gate. Finally, the ship moving toward them out of the fog, phosphorescence round it making silvery fire, and each approaching swell gleaming soft and multicolored as opals. Then

The blast of the horn as the ship passed through the "Gate," signifying all was well.

Yes, memories that she treasured as much as she treasured Aunt Em's love and devotion, she thought. In her heart she was a Tracy, and would be always, loving the old gray house, Aunt Em, and the things she had taught her — her values crystal clear, her loyalties true. Of these things she was sure.

BUT how strange to realize that she was really a Fenton. Was it possible that she was actually old Phin's granddaughter? But why, she wondered, had he never acknowledged their relationship? Or was it because he had never known who she was? She remembered hearing, years ago, that Phineas had quarreled with his elder son over some trivial matter. Grandfather Tracy had declared that it was old Phin's stubbornness that had caused the rift between the two. She remembered, too, allusions to a quarrel between Phineas and Grandfather Tracy because Grandfather had taken the son's part in this matter — the only quarrel in a lifelong friendship. There had never been any mention of her being a relative of old Phin's, however.

She looked at the locket closely, and thought of the many things she could buy if she sold it. It was undoubtedly extremely valuable. It would probably pay for continued nursing care for Aunt Em and that year in art school. For a moment she was tempted, but no, she'd bury the locket and her identity with it, deep down beneath the piles of silken kimonos and trinkets; these treasured gifts that she had long since outgrown, but could never bear to part with. If she was really Phineas Fenton's granddaughter and he didn't want to acknowledge her, she would do nothing to call his attention to their relationship.

"No one need ever know that I've found Aunt Em's Bright Star!"

She had just closed the lid of the chest when the doorbell rang. Jim, she thought, as she went to answer it.

Kathy and Jim talked earnestly for a long time. He had come to offer to release Kathy from their engagement.

"I'd never give you up," he said seriously, "but I've finally realized that you don't really love me, and it's foolish to hold you to your promise."

Jim was right, of course, Kathy concluded. She was glad he had the courage to admit what he knew to be true. He was too honest a person to hold her to a bargain she didn't want to keep.

"Your new neighbor, Jim," she said, "tell me about her."

"She's a very fine girl," he told her. "A recent convert from Sweden, and terribly lonesome, over here all alone."

"I think she's in love with you, Jim," she said. "I think she'd make you a splendid wife."

"She does need someone . . ." Jim said slowly, as though thinking it over.

"Promise me one thing," Kathy said, "whether you marry Lina or someone else — that you will never marry outside the temple."

Jim gave her his solemn promise.

* * * *

BRIGHT and early one morning a few days later Marc Hale pre-

sented himself at the kitchen door. Kathy and Aunt Em had just sat down to their breakfast of hot muffins, honey, and milk.

"May I come in?" he asked. He looked so serious Kathy hoped he wouldn't go upsetting Aunt Em with anything unpleasant. Besides, she wanted to get into the village soon, and had no time to visit this morning.

"Sit down and let Kathy bring you a hot muffin," Aunt Em invited.

Kathy looked at her aunt sharply. She sensed somewhere behind the forced calm of her voice, a great anxiety, even a fear, carefully screened.

The young man sat down, accepted the muffin Kathy brought, and spread it lavishly with honey. He laid a folded newspaper on the table.

Aunt Em took the paper, started to read from the back page, then chuckled. "It's Jim," she said. "He's going to marry his new neighbor, the young lady who raises chickens."

Kathy had said nothing to her aunt about her talk with Jim, and the broken engagement, for fear of exciting her.

"Yes, I know," Kathy said quietly.

Marc Hale looked first at Kathy and then at her aunt, utter astonishment written on his face. "I must say you're taking it calmly," he said.

"It's all right," Kathy said, almost thankfully. "Jim and I had a long talk the other night." She was grateful that Jim had done the sensible thing, as usual.

Kathy commenced clearing the breakfast dishes. "Like to drive me into the village?" she asked Marc. It would be a way of getting him out of the house to make sure he didn't have any more surprises for Aunt Em.

"I'll be glad to."

"Fine. Now, would you mind putting some wood in the stove? Keep things nice and warm until we get back," said Kathy. She walked to the hall closet and selected a jacket. The morning was cool, with a hint of rain.

She kissed her aunt's cheek, and assured her they wouldn't be gone too long. The sky was slate gray when they left the house, the ocean tumultous, whitecaps breaking not fifteen feet from the China house.

MARC drove slowly along Pine Road. He gave Kathy a sidelong look. "That was clever of you to get me out of the house. However, I wasn't going to say anything to excite Miss Em. It's you I want to talk to."

Kathy nodded her head in solemn agreement and waited for what Marc had to say.

"You must know by now that you're not really Miss Em's niece," he stated bluntly. "Your father was Phineas Fenton, Jr., old Phin's elder son. For some reason they quarreled. . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Yes, I know who I am," said Kathy. "I found Aunt Em's Bright Star several days ago."

"Aunt Em's Bright Star?" Marc repeated.

"A star-shaped locket with my parents' pictures and names," Kathy explained. "I knew who they were the minute I looked at it." There was no joy or emotion in her voice. "I'll tell you about it later."

They were entering the village, and Kathy directed Marc to the

souvenir shop. "I'll be just a little while," she promised. But she remained in the shop almost half an hour, and when she finally came out and climbed into the coupe, her face was aglow. "Mission accomplished," she said.

It had begun to rain, and the huge spatters flattened themselves furiously on the highway. Marc leaned over the wheel in his effort to see clearly through the stuttering windshield wiper. Finally, they reached the wooded area just beyond the gray house. The ocean came into view for the first time, and both Kathy and Marc caught their breath at the beauty of it: the rain—a fairy shower, with each huge separate droplet striking the water like a pearl.

Marc slowed the car. Suddenly he put his hand over Kathy's warm fingers. "Your mother, Marie Fenton, was my mother's best friend. I found the record of your birth in the newspaper files. With Old Phin away on his ships all the time, and Frank, Grace's husband still a child, in care of a nurse, it's not surprising that they knew nothing of your existence. I suppose you'll want to claim your rightful place now." Marc looked at Kathy searchingly.

(*To be concluded*)

To Any Parent

Christie Lund Coles

You will never forget,
And your child will long remember,
The home-baked loaf of bread
Stories by the fire's ember;

The spontaneous song you sang,
The games you found for playing,
Your assuring step at night,
The moment bent in praying;

Autumn hikes upon the hill,
Picnics in golden weather.
The dividing time comes soon,
Laugh well these days together.

Flowers and Children

Celia Luce

A flower must be carefully tended. The weeds must be pulled away from it, and the flower watered and fertilized. Then it must be left alone.

A plant that is roughly handled becomes warped and dwarfed. A flower that is held too close is crushed and fades quickly.

Children are like flowers. They must have proper care. They thrive in an environment full of love and proper character training.

Like flowers, children must not be held too close. They must learn to make their own decisions and live by them. They must be set free to live their own lives. Parents who hold their children too close, who try to make all decisions for them and live their lives for them, find, to their sorrow, that they have stunted their children.

Selected Data—Annual Report 1956

THE year 1956 has been another year of growth and progress in the program of Relief Society throughout the Church as reflected in the annual report. The blessings of this great organization, described by the First Presidency in 1942 as "a unique organization in the whole world," have been extended to increasing numbers of mothers and homemakers throughout the Church. The basic purposes of the organization have been perpetuated and through them testimonies have been strengthened, converts have been brought into the Church, inactive sisters have again realized the joy of service and activity, comfort has been brought to the bereaved, sick, and homebound, assistance has been rendered to the needy, and intellectual and cultural growth has been enjoyed by the sisters. Both the narrative and statistical reports received from the Relief Societies in the 235 stakes and forty-five missions of the Church reveal these facts.

The year 1956 has brought to the Relief Society its largest rate of increase in membership since the Centennial year, 1942. This increase of 9,209 makes a total membership of 172,722, which includes 32,278 sisters in the missions and 140,444 in the stakes.

Growth is also evidenced through the 202 additional local societies organized during the year, making a total of 3,938 ward and branch Relief Societies. These organizations are distributed throughout each of the forty-eight states in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, the District of Columbia, and thirty-three foreign countries.

The average attendance at regular meetings has shown an increase of 6.56 per cent, with the greatest percentage of increase being in the stakes. The theology meetings continue to lead in attendance, followed in order by the literature, work, and social science meetings. However, the greatest rate of increase during 1956 was in the social science meetings, which had an increase of 9.03 per cent.

The lives of 34,621 sisters were enriched through participation in 2,299 Singing Mothers choruses, which was an increase of 294 choruses over 1955, with 3,638 more singers.

There has been a marked increase in visiting teaching activities, both in attendance at visiting teacher meetings and in the visits to the homes. The attendance at visiting teacher meetings has increased 8.23 per cent over 1955. The general growth in the organization has resulted in 2,123 additional visiting teacher districts with 2,941,430 visits being made to Latter-day Saint homes by 69,984 visiting teachers. This was an increase of 144,166 visits over 1955, made by 4,472 more teachers. This consistent trend of increased activity in visiting teaching is an indication of the continued emphasis being given to this vital part of the Relief Society program which is, no doubt, unparalleled throughout the world. This program of carrying a spiritual message into each Latter-day Saint home every month and of "searching after objects of charity," as counseled by the Prophet Joseph Smith, is one of the major activities of the society.

During 1956, the members of Relief Society have manifested the true spirit of the organization through their unselfish service in administering to the sick and sorrowing and their uplifting visits to the homebound. This is evidenced through the 255,719 visits made to the sick and homebound and the 26,148 days care of the sick. These figures, however, do not include the innumerable services rendered by faithful sisters who go into the homes of those in distress and help care for the needs of the family, who bring in a warm meal or take back to their own homes household duties that could not be done in the homes of the sick. Thus, the promise made by the Prophet Joseph Smith at the fifth meeting of the society continues to be realized and continues as the great and fundamental work of the society: "This is the beginning of better days to the poor and the needy who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads."

Hulda Parker
General Secretary-Treasurer

TOTAL L.D.S. MEMBERSHIP

	1955	1956	Increase
L.D.S. Families	334,906	347,752	+ 12,846
R. S. Members	163,513	172,722	+ 9,209

In Stakes

	1955	1956	Increase
L.D.S. Families	276,077	286,199	+ 10,122
R. S. Members	133,228	140,444	+ 7,216

In Missions

	1955	1956	Increase
L.D.S. Families	58,829	61,553	+ 2,724
R. S. Members	30,285	32,278	+ 1,993

LEADERSHIP

109,815 Relief Society Members Participated in Leadership Activities — 1956

103,467 in 1955

	1955	1956
General Officers	26	25
Stake Officers	2,579	2,725
Mission Officers	697	735
Local Executive Officers	13,882	14,547
Other Officers	7,309	7,652
Class Leaders	13,462	14,147
Visiting Teachers	65,512	69,984

GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS—1956

Location	Stakes		Missions		Total	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
United States and Territories						
Alabama			15	208	15	208
Alaska			6	167	6	167
Arizona	122	7,045	13	210	135	7,255
Arkansas			8	128	8	128
California	310	19,529	40	1,056	350	20,585
Colorado	37	1,864	19	280	56	2,144
Connecticut			4	97	4	97
Delaware			3	52	3	52
District of Columbia	3	151			3	151
Florida	10	368	37	723	47	1,091
Georgia	3	93	20	447	23	540
Hawaii	17	833	42	817	59	1,650
Idaho	340	20,656	7	96	347	20,752
Illinois	8	346	28	474	36	820
Indiana	1	36	24	600	25	636
Iowa			11	225	11	225
Kansas			18	315	18	315
Kentucky			21	335	21	335
Louisiana	11	262	8	179	19	441
Maine			10	147	10	147
Maryland	4	236	1	21	5	257
Massachusetts			14	232	14	232
Michigan	9	302	5	119	14	421
Minnesota			17	367	17	367
Mississippi	7	118	10	162	17	280
Missouri			22	528	22	528
Montana	13	394	52	1,216	65	1,610
Nebraska			14	260	14	260
Nevada	45	2,503			45	2,503
New Hampshire			4	42	4	42
New Jersey	2	100	5	137	7	237
New Mexico	17	648	35	632	52	1,280
New York	5	276	21	412	26	688
North Carolina			43	876	43	876
North Dakota			5	54	5	54
Ohio	1	36	25	554	26	590
Oklahoma			21	349	21	349
Oregon	60	3,007	23	531	83	3,538
Pennsylvania	1	43	28	479	29	522
Rhode Island			2	17	2	17

Location	Stakes		Missions		Total	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
South Carolina	12	459	10	140	22	599
South Dakota			9	126	9	126
Tennessee			14	208	14	208
Texas	44	1,217	38	636	82	1,853
Utah	956	70,959			956	70,959
Vermont			3	31	3	31
Virginia	5	279	24	489	29	768
Washington	66	3,144	8	166	74	3,310
West Virginia			8	198	8	198
Wisconsin	3	119	11	158	14	277
Wyoming	54	2,835	15	279	69	3,114
Total United States	2,166	137,858	821	15,975	2,987	153,833
Other Countries						
Argentina			22	539	22	539
Australia			28	656	28	656
Austria			6	126	6	126
Belgium			11	115	11	115
Brazil			19	235	19	235
Canada	58	2,443	67	1,379	125	3,822
Costa Rica			2	19	2	19
Denmark			17	385	17	385
El Salvador			3	46	3	46
England			75	1,050	75	1,050
Finland			17	337	17	337
France			16	112	16	112
Germany, East (1955)			97	3,727	97	3,727
Germany, West			70	913	70	913
Guatemala			8	130	8	130
Honduras			2	39	2	39
Ireland			4	65	4	65
Japan			36	262	36	262
Mexico	4	143	56	1,259	60	1,402
Netherlands			20	268	20	268
New Zealand (1955)			70	998	70	998
Nicaragua			2	14	2	14
Norway			12	340	12	340
Panama Canal Zone			2	27	2	27
Puerto Rico			2	24	2	24
Samoa			55	700	55	700
Scotland			6	84	6	84
Sweden			40	535	40	535
Switzerland			27	402	27	402
Tahiti			10	189	10	189
Tonga			40	662	40	662
Union of South Africa			16	199	16	199
Uruguay			26	424	26	424
Wales			5	43	5	43
Total Other Countries	62	2,586	889	16,303	951	18,889
GRAND TOTAL	2,228	140,444	1,710	32,278	3,938	172,722

VISITING TEACHER SERVICE

	1955	1956	Increase
Total Family Visits	2,797,264	2,941,430	+144,166
Visiting Teachers	65,512	69,984	+ 4,472
Districts	35,045	37,168	+ 2,123
Families Visited			
At Home	1,873,610	1,963,269	+ 89,659
Not Home	923,654	978,161	+ 54,507

9.46 Av. visits were made to each L.D.S. family in 1956
8.35 In 1955

VISITING TEACHER MEETINGS

	1955	1956	Increase
Av. Attend. in Stakes	29,401	31,391	+ 1,990
Av. Attend. in Missions	3,837	4,584	+ 747
Total Av. Attend.	33,238	35,975	+ 2,737

COMPASSIONATE SERVICE

	1955	1956	Increase
Visits to Sick and Homebound	247,878	255,719	+ 7,841
Days Care of Sick	25,510	26,148	+ 638
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	7,168	7,371	+ 203
Dressing for Burial	656	726	+ 70

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Receipts and Disbursements — 1956

Cash Balance on Hand, January 1	$	1,163,953.92
Receipts		1,881,499.29
	$	3,045,453.21
Disbursements		1,804,669.17
Cash Balance on Hand, December 31		1,240,784.04

Assets and Liabilities — December 31, 1956

Assets

Cash Balance on Hand, December 31	$	1,240,784.04
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office		422,912.22
Other Invested Funds (Savings Bonds, etc.)		72,822.76
Real Estate and Buildings		91,721.09
Furniture and Fixtures		897,038.70
Other Assets		176,537.86
Total Assets	$	2,901,816.67

Liabilities

Accounts Payable	$	990.95
Balance Net Worth		2,900,825.72
Total Liabilities and Net Worth	$	2,901,816.67

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA 1955-1956

	1956 Number or Amount	1955 Number or Amount	Changes 1955 to 1956 Number or Amount	Per Cent
Organizations				
Stakes and Missions, Total	280	267	+ 13	+ 4.87
Stakes	235	223	+ 12	+ 5.38
Missions	45	44	+ 1	+ 2.27
Local Organizations	3,938	3,736	+ 202	+ 5.41
Wards and Branches in Stakes	2,228	2,104	+ 124	+ 5.89
Branches in Mission	1,710	1,632	+ 78	+ 4.78
Membership, Total	172,722,	163,513	+ 9,209	+ 5.63
Stakes	140,444	133,228	+ 7,216	+ 5.42
Missions	32,278	30,285	+ 1,993	+ 6.58
General Officers and Board Members	25	26	— 1	— 3.85
Stake Officers and Board Members	2,725	2,579	+ 146	+ 5.66
Mission Presidents and Other Officers	735	697	+ 38	+ 5.45
Ward and Branch Executive Officers	14,547	13,882	+ 665	+ 4.79

	1956 Number or Amount	1955 Number or Amount	Changes 1955 to 1956 Number or Amount	Per Cent
Other Officers	7,652	7,309	+ 343	+ 4.69
Class Leaders	14,147	13,462	+ 685	+ 5.09
Visiting Teachers	69,984	65,512	+ 4,472	+ 6.83
All Other Members	62,907	60,046	+ 2,861	+ 4.76
L.D.S. Families—Total	347,752	334,906	+ 12,846	+ 3.84
In Stakes	286,199	276,077	+ 10,122	+ 3.67
In Missions	61,553	58,829	+ 2,724	+ 4.63
Meetings and Attendance				
1. Meetings Held, Total	191,591	181,651	+ 9,940	+ 5.47
General Board Meetings	33	31	+ 2	+ 6.45
Relief Society General Conference	1	1	—	—
Group Stake Conventions	122	120	+ 2	1.67
In Stakes and Missions	5,394	5,141	+ 253	+ 4.92
Stake and Mission District Board Meetings	2,936	2,883	+ 53	+ 1.84
Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Meetings	2,458	2,258	+ 200	+ 8.86
In Wards and Branches	186,041	176,358	+ 9,683	+ 5.49
Regular Meetings for Members	127,172	120,008	+ 7,164	+ 5.97
March, November Sundays and Other Special Meetings	13,547	12,959	+ 588	+ 4.54
Visiting Teacher Meetings	21,473	19,790	+ 1,683	+ 8.50
Preparation Meetings	18,507	18,496	+ 11	+ .06
Relief Society Conferences	3,302	3,192	+ 110	+ 3.45
R. S. Conf. Preliminary Meetings	2,040	1,913	+ 127	+ 6.64
2. Average Attendance at Regular Meetings for Members	62,477	58,633	+ 3,844	+ 6.56
In Stakes	50,023	46,599	+ 3,424	+ 7.34
In Missions	12,454	12,034	+ 420	+ 3.49
3. Percent of Members Represented by Average Attendance at Regular Meetings	36.17%	35.86%		
In Stakes	35.62%	34.98%		
In Missions	38.58%	39.74%		
4. Average Attendance at Visiting Teachers Meetings	35,975	33,238	+ 2,737	+ 8.23
5. Per Cent of Visiting Teachers Represented by Average Attendance	51.40%	50.74%		

	1956 Number or Amount	1955 Number or Amount	Changes 1955 to 1956 Number or Amount	Per Cent
Visits by Stake and Mission Officers				
To Wards and Branches	26,760	24,864	+ 1,896	+ 7.63
To Wards by Stake Officers	20,887	19,309	+ 1,578	+ 8.17
To Branches by Mission and District Officers	5,873	5,555	+ 318	+ 5.72
Activities				
Visiting Teaching:				
Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	37,168	35,045	+ 2,123	+ 6.06
Family Visits — Total	2,941,430	2,797,264	+144,166	+ 5.15
Home	1,963,269	1,873,610	+ 89,659	+ 4.79
Not Home	978,161	923,654	+ 54,507	+ 5.90
Per Cent at Home	66.75%	66.98%		
Number of Communications in Lieu of Visits	51,019	42,798	+ 8,221	+ 19.21
Educational Meetings:				
Average Attendance at Relief Society				
Theology	67,770	63,746	+ 4,024	+ 6.31
Work	60,747	58,019	+ 2,728	+ 4.70
Literature	60,803	56,702	+ 4,101	+ 7.23
Social Science	59,688	54,745	+ 4,943	+ 9.03
Sewing Service at Meetings:				
Average Number of Women Sewing Monthly	48,177	45,888	+ 2,289	+ 4.99
Total Articles Completed	353,697	313,495	+ 40,202	+ 12.82
Kinds of Articles:				
Quilts	18,884	18,367	+ 517	+ 2.81
Children's Clothing	32,671	30,664	+ 2,007	+ 6.55
Women's Clothing	49,178	43,644	+ 5,534	+ 12.68
Men's Clothing	5,429	2,505	+ 2,924	+116.73
Household Furnishings	115,118	99,711	+ 15,407	+ 15.45
Other (Miscellaneous)	132,417	118,604	+ 13,813	+ 11.65
Compassionate Service:				
Visits to Sick and Homebound	255,719	247,878	+ 7,841	+ 3.16
Number Days Care of the Sick	26,148	25,510	+ 638	+ 2.50
Number of Bodies Dressed for Burial	726	656	+ 70	+ 10.67
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	7,371	7,168	+ 203	+ 2.83
Church Welfare Services:				
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Work Meeting	8,347	8,268	+ 79	+ .96

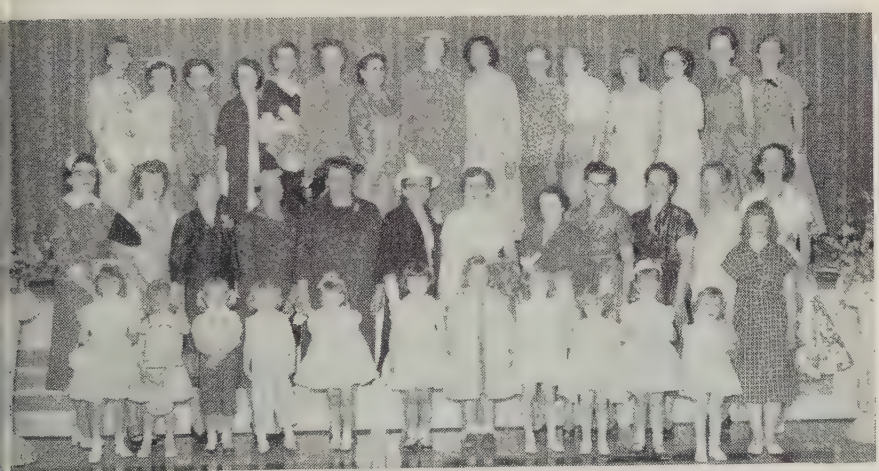
	1956 Number or Amount	1955 Number or Amount	Changes 1955 to 1956 Number or Amount	Per Cent
Activities (Continued)				
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Sewing Center	2,822	2,374	+ 448	+ 18.87
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Projects Other Than Sewing	23,839	18,077	+ 5,762	+ 31.87
6. Family Welfare Service: Number Initial Visits Under Direction of Bishop	12,489	11,093	+ 1,396	+ 12.58
Number of Subsequent or Follow-Up Visits	31,482	27,518	+ 3,964	+ 14.41
Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	2,360	2,395	— 35	— 1.46
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	2,099	2,243	— 144	— 6.42
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	2,675	2,713	— 38	— 1.40
Total Number of Wards and Branches With Lists of Nurses	2,288	2,190	+ 98	+ 4.47
Wards and Branches in Stakes	1,743	1,673	+ 70	+ 4.18
Mission Branches	545	517	+ 28	+ 5.42
Total Number of Wards and Branches Having Singing Mothers Choruses	2,299	2,005	+ 294	+ 14.66
Wards and Branches in Stakes	1,727	1,600	+ 127	+ 7.94
Mission Branches	572	405	+ 167	+ 41.23
Total Approximate Number of Singers	34,621	30,983	+ 3,638	+ 11.74
Wards and Branches in Stakes	29,131	26,683	+ 2,448	+ 9.17
Mission Branches	5,490	4,300	+ 1,190	+ 27.67
Magazine				
Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	146,100	135,726	+ 10,374	+ 7.64
Finances				
Cash Receipts	$1,881,499.29	$1,668,621.55	+$212,877.74	+12.76
Cash Disbursements	1,804,669.17	1,592,047.01	+ 212,622.16	+13.36
Net Assets	2,900,825.72	2,743,289.63	+ 157,536.09	+ 5.74

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Mona H. Brown

TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS FASHION SHOW
May 1957

Front row: Bonita Lammers, Joyce Thompson, Sonya Sharp; Marlyn Van Noy; Janet Moyes, Ann Watson; Pamela Muirhead; Vickie Van Leeuwen; Valarie Van Leeuwen; Jolene Grow; Mariel Stewart; Ilene Phillips.

Second row: Belva Lammers; Marge Atwood; Thelma Quigley; Alta Jensen; Nora Ward; Tress Hurd; Lucille Nelson; Marion Edwards; Nadine Stanger; Donna Allred; Vivetta Merrill; Norma Van Leeuwen.

Back row, left to right: Pat Hansen, narrator; Clara Jean Olsen; Betty Glenn; Arlene Thompson; Oles Bingham; Ruth Hansen; Ruth Briggs; Vida Harrison; Jean Staley; Sharon Birrell; LuAnn Armga; Joyce Johnson; Sherry Flynn; Ruth Christopherson; Bonnie Anderson.

Mona H. Brown, President, Twin Falls Stake Relief Society, writes: "A fashion show was held . . . following the May union meeting, under the direction of Alene Johnson, Counselor, and Mary Cheney, Work Director. Two or three models from each of the twelve wards in the stake participated. All of the clothing modeled was created by the model or a member of her family. . . . Following the fashion show, refreshments were served by the stake board members."

Photograph submitted by Beth M. Stallman

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY COMMEMORATES 115th ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Beth M. Stallman, President, Inglewood Stake Relief Society, reports: "More than four hundred Relief Society sisters enjoyed an outstanding program and social, March 14, 1957, to commemorate the birthday of Relief Society. An inspirational dramatization of the 'Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon' was presented by members of the various wards. At the conclusion refreshments were served from a beautifully decorated table. The centerpiece was made and presented to us by Sister Amy Greenhalgh. One hundred fifteen candles adorned the cake."

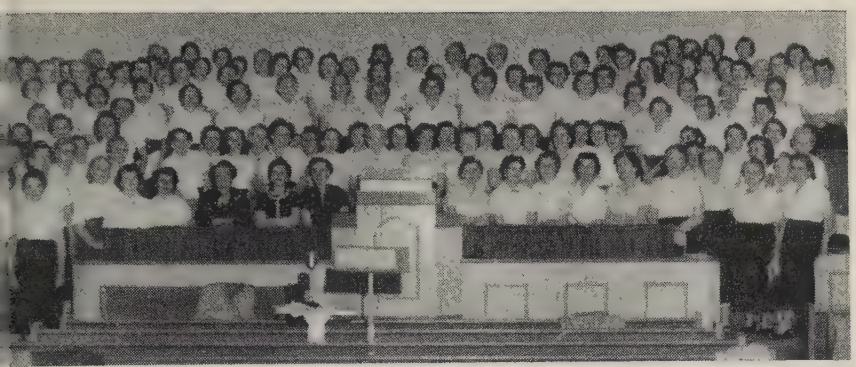
Shown in the picture are the Relief Society stake board and the Relief Society presidents of each ward in the stake.

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth E. Kaiser

CHICAGO STAKE (ILLINOIS) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, May 5, 1957

Front row, left to right: Chicago Stake Relief Society officers: Ilene B. Della-Piana, chorister; Jasmine R. Edmunds, First Counselor; Elizabeth E. Kaiser, President; Emma A. Johnson, Second Counselor; Dorothy B. Hart, Secretary-Treasurer; Naunie Gardner, organist.

Sister Kaiser reports: "There were twelve wards and branches represented in the group. Sixty-two Singing Mothers participated. Although the members of this chorus are from northern Indiana, Illinois, and Southern Wisconsin, and their practicing was limited to one session with the combined group, their singing was most beautiful and well received."



·ture submitted by Mary Barber

AYTON STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, April 21, 1957

Mary Barber, President, Layton Stake Relief Society, reports: "Layton Stake Sing- Mothers furnished music for stake quarterly conference on Easter Sunday (April 21, 57). Erma Boam is chorister; Marion Call, organist; and Mary Barber, pianist. There 162 members in the chorus."

notograph submitted by Jane M. Larsen

RAND COULEE STAKE (WASHINGTON), MOSES LAKE SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT FOR TWO YEARS

First row, left to right: Olga Hansen; Colleen Swallow; Wanda Crawford; Carol rsen; Zona Wakefield; Helen Francom; Norma Fukriman; Margret Oman, Second ounselor; Amber Pierce, First Counselor; Erma Griffen, President, Moses Lake Sec- d Ward; Maude Campbell; Barbara DeMille; Faye Thornton; Verna Duval; Annie Iontague; Luceille Daniels, visiting teacher supervisor; Lucile Lyhbert; Amy Wright.

Second row: Arvena DeMille; Lilly McKay; Charlene Hansen; Naola Brown; Betty e; Delcia Lyhbert; Sybill Carringer; Pauline Deval; Nellie Chapman; Delvia Lyhbert; ouise Hill; Lavera Bone; Beth Burnett; Helen Gaugh; Thelma Nielson; Velma Hunt; daline Hansen; Janice Sanders.

Third row: Ranee Earl; Lavon Isaacson; Gladys Hiatt; Jean Hill; Flora Wright; anneta Harrison; Marian Hickman; Melba Jackson; Jessie Yasuda; Evelyn Norman; arl Hansen; Zola Smith; Alta Duval; Pat Thompson; Jewel Iverson; Grace Morris.

Jane M. Larsen, President, Grand Coulee Stake Relief Society, writes: "There e thirty-seven districts and seventy-four visiting teachers." One hundred per cent for ne last two years was achieved.

Photograph submitted by Marilla H. Sessions

BOUNTIFUL STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL, March, 1957

Marilla H. Sessions, President, Bountiful Stake Relief Society, writes: "The Bountiful First Ward Relief Society of Bountiful Stake had a unique anniversary social. The bishopric was in attendance to participate in the program. The members of the society, dressed in pioneer costume, met at noon for a luncheon that might have been served in Nauvoo in 1842. The homemade bread, pickles, jellies, and relishes, print molded butter patties, slices of ham, and baked rice pudding might have dated back to those early days. The program consisted of musical numbers appropriate for the day and a play which reviewed the history of the organization of the Relief Society 115 years ago. Bishop Keith A. Hansen characterized the Prophet Joseph Smith, and his counselors represented John Taylor and Willard Richards. Pioneer relics, such as cream churns, butter and candle molds, spinning wheels, looms, and new braided rugs created the proper atmosphere for such an occasion."

Photograph submitted by Pearl A. Heaton

CACHE STAKE (UTAH), LOGAN THIRD WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT FOR TEN YEARS

Front row, left to right: Nina Kowallis; Lilly Larsen; Irene Larsen; Sophia Woodall, visiting teacher leader; Gwenn Card, former president, 1947-51; Alice Griffin, former president, 1951-53; Pearl Haddock, President, Logan Third Ward Relief Society; Bar-

Sara Watts, Second Counselor; LaVell Bradley, First Counselor; Bertha Gessel; Daphna Hancey; Aletha Funk; Miriam Perry.

Second row: Virginia Kowallis; Ina Ballif; Mae Orison; Zella Ault; Cora Blanchard; Flora Petty; Alice Larson; Mabel Evans; Pearl Christensen; Annie Blanchard; Kate Mortimer; Katie Earl; Valeda Shaffer; Helen Bradford; Mabel Brown, Secretary-Treasurer; Norma Wilson.

Third row: Phyllis Jacobson; Marguerite Smith; Donell Hansen; Kate Carlson; Catherine Cowley; Gertrude Ault; Sarah Davidson; Afton Evans; Moziene Jensen; Erma Eliason; Fern Griffin; Lucile Partington; DuRell Austin; Marilda Andrews.

Pearl A. Heaton, President, Cache Stake Relief Society, writes: "The year 1957 marks the completion of ten years of one hundred per cent visiting teaching."

Photograph submitted by Effie K. Driggs

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, PORT TOWNSEND (WASHINGTON) BRANCH HOLDS SOCIAL, March 17, 1957

Seated, left to right: Maud Shaw; Rachel Ellis; Florence Anderson; Annie Sandberg; Gail Bishop; Dorothy Roberts, organist.

Standing, left to right: Daisy Shaw; Marion Robinson; Clara Lopthein; Marca Bills, music director; Violet Thompson, Education Counselor; Margaret Lieby, literature leader; Beatrice Presler; Pearl Calloway, Secretary-Treasurer; Ella Curdie; Jean Green, visitor; Cora Porter; Clare Moody; Blanche Lee, President.

Effie K. Driggs, President, Northwestern States Mission, reports: "A combined social of the sisters from Sequiam and Port Townsend, Washington, was held in Port Townsend on March 17th. During the social they exchanged ideas and displayed their bazaar articles for each other's benefit. These sisters live in our smallest branch where there is a lack of Priesthood leadership. However, they have carried forward with great courage, endeavoring to carry out the program outlined for the branches in the missions. They report that great strength has come to them by living their religion and receiving of its blessings."

Photograph submitted by Cora S. Jenkins

BONNEVILLE STAKE (UTAH), YALE SECOND WARD SPONSORS SUCCESSFUL NURSERY

Elsa T. Peterson, President, Yale Second Ward Relief Society, reports to Cora Jenkins, President, Bonneville Stake Relief Society: "Brother Willey Frank, (pictured behind the group of children), custodian of Yale Second Ward, assists his wife in the nursery during Relief Society meetings. The children dearly love him—they can't wait for Relief Society days. Our nursery has greatly increased the attendance of young mothers at Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Merna E. Marchant

BURLEY STAKE (IDAHO), UNITY WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT FOR TEN YEARS

Front row, left to right: Maude K. Brown; Sara Elquist; Mary Crane; Lois Baker, Counselor; Ann Gerratt, President; Donna Call, Counselor; Josephine Rigby, Secretary; Jane Robinson; Teresa Banner; Ethel Gooch.

Back row: Evelyn Stout; Rachel Larsen; Gwenna Rasmussen; Elaine Page; Vera Richman; Ellen Poulton; Violet Baker; Chloey Banner, visiting teacher message leader;

Beatrice Rittel; Anna Jolley; Dora Meline; Ione Church; Vyla Frost; Laura Harris. Several teachers were absent when the picture was taken.)

Merna E. Marchant, President, Burley Stake Relief Society, reports: "This fine record was started when Sister Afton Baker was president and has continued under three succeeding presidents. A stake visiting teacher convention was held in November 1956) for all visiting teachers of the Burley Stake, honoring three wards having one hundred per cent visiting teaching, with special tribute going to the Unity Ward for having achieved one hundred per cent visiting teaching for ten years. The program included a skit presented by the stake board. Refreshments were served to approximately 300. Lenna B. Fillmore, stake visiting teacher message leader, was in charge of arrangements."

Photograph submitted by Ione J. Simpson

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, WARD SEWING LEADERS WHO CONDUCTED SEWING CLASSES

In the picture are the ward sewing leaders who conducted the seventeen sewing classes.

Seated, left to right: Violet Jaussi; Donna Andrews; Ruth Hogg; Lometa Johnson; Bonnie Dee Neuenswander; Ethel Sparks; Marjorie Homer.

Standing, left to right: Twilla Suitter; Virginia Garner; Margaret Thomas; Bertha Purcell; Jonelle Homer; Burness Goates; Jeness Balmforth; Margaret Manwaring. Vera Lee was absent at the time the picture was taken.

Ione J. Simpson, President, South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, writes: "A spring concert and fashion show, 'Family Fashion in Rhythm,' were presented as a culmination of seventeen sewing classes under the direction of sixteen ward leaders. These classes were held from January through March. Each class was six weeks long and averaged two classes weekly. Instruction ranged from classes for beginners to advanced tailoring. In the fashion show approximately 133 models, including seventy-seven children, displayed their lovely home-sewed clothing to an audience of 600 people.

"The stake Singing Mothers, featured in special numbers, greatly enhanced the beauty and success of the event. Display tables were arranged by wards to show results of work meetings. Among the articles displayed, were quilts, rugs, copper and drapery pictures, baskets, pillows, crocheted pieces, and clothing.

"After the show, refreshments were served from decorated tables."

Photograph submitted by Marjorie M. Ward

SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT STAKE CONFERENCE, March 24, 1957

Marjorie M. Ward, President, Salt Lake Stake Relief Society, writes: "The Singing Mothers chorus of Salt Lake Stake presented music for the morning and afternoon sessions of stake quarterly conference, March 24, 1957. Minnie A. Rossiter is stake chorister and Emma A. Hanks, organist."

Photograph submitted by Bertrude S. Mitchell

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, April 28, 1957

Annie P. Jones, pianist, is seated at the piano; Shirley R. Evans, chorister, is standing by the piano.

Front row, first from left is Bertrude S. Mitchell, President, Parowan Stake Relief Society; second from right, Margaret H. Knight, Second Counselor; first on right in center of back row is Edna W. Brown, Secretary-Treasurer. Violet Hulet, First Counselor, was unable to be present when the picture was taken.

Sister Mitchell reports: "Each year we furnish music for one or two sessions of the quarterly conference and, though we are a scattered stake, we don't mind traveling the required distance to our rehearsals. In fact, we deem it an honor and a privilege to render this service. All six of our wards are well represented in this group.

"This year we sang an original number, 'Song of Praise,' composed by Sister Annie P. Jones, that was well received by our audience."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 2—Origin of The Doctrine and Covenants

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants: Explanatory Introduction)

For Tuesday, November 5, 1957

Objective: To learn of the events which brought forth The Doctrine and Covenants.

THE prophesied dispensation of the fulness of times opened in the spring of 1820 with the glorious revelation known as the first vision. Although this revelation is not included in the one hundred and thirty-six sections of The Doctrine and Covenants, reference to it is found in the first three paragraphs of the "Explanatory Introduction." The full account of the first vision is printed in the Pearl of Great Price. (See *Writings of Joseph Smith*, 2:5-26.)

Value of the First Vision

As we begin a study of the revelations given to Joseph Smith, it seems most appropriate to ask ourselves this question: of what importance is the first vision in the opening of the new dispensation? In answering this question, we should keep in mind that all revelations and commandments given to men are for their salvation. What then, does the first vision contribute to the salvation of men? Here are some ideas:

First, it proved the actual existence of God our Father as a personal being. Joseph Smith saw God! ". . . I saw two Personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air . . ." (P. of G. P., *Writings of Joseph Smith*, 2:17). No longer could men say that God does not exist because he had not revealed himself to man. A correct knowledge of God was revealed. Without this knowledge, man could not receive life eternal. (See John 17:3.)

Second, it proved that Jesus is a resurrected Personage, separate and distinct from the Father.

> . . . One of them spake unto me, calling me by name and said, pointing to the other—This is My Beloved Son. Hear Him! (P. of G. P., Writings of Joseph Smith, 2:17).

Jesus Christ is declared to be divine—the Son of God. Doubt concerning his divinity and of his resurrection is removed. Men have a firm basis for faith in Jesus as the Savior of mankind.

Third, it proved that there was an universal apostasy from the Church established by Jesus in the meridian of time; that no existing church was the true Church.

My object in going to inquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the Personages who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects was right—and which I should join.

I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the Personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt; that: "they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me, they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof."

He again forbade me to join with any of them; and many other things did he say unto me, which I cannot write at this time. When I came to myself again, I found myself lying on my back, looking up into heaven. When the light had departed, I had no strength; but soon recovering in some degree, I went home. And as I leaned up to the fireplace, mother inquired what the matter was. I replied, "Never mind, all is well—I am well enough off." I then said to my mother, "I have learned for myself that Presbyterianism is not true." It seems as though the adversary was aware, at a very early period of my life, that I was destined to prove a disturber and an annoyer of his kingdom; else why should the powers of darkness combine against me? Why the opposition and persecutions that arose against me, almost in my infancy? (*Ibid.*, 2:18-20).

Fourth, it proved that men may have the assurance that sincere prayer is answered.

While I was laboring under the extreme difficulties caused by the contests of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading the Epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads: *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.*

Never did any passage of scripture come with more power to the heart of man than this did at this time to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart. I reflected on it again and again, knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God, I did; for how to act I did not know, and unless I could get more wisdom than I then had, I would never know; for the teachers of religion of the different sects understood the same passages of scripture so differently as to destroy all confidence in settling the question by an appeal to the Bible.

At length I came to the conclusion that I must either remain in darkness and confusion, or else I must do as James directs, that is, ask of God. I at length came to the determination to "ask of God," concluding that if he gave wisdom to them that lacked wisdom, and would give liberally, and not upbraid, I might venture . . . .

I had now got my mind satisfied so far as the sectarian world was concerned—that it was not my duty to join with any of them, but to continue as I was until further directed. I had found the testimony of James to be true—that a man who lacked wisdom might ask of God, and obtain, and not be upbraided (*Ibid.*, 2:11-13, 26).

In order to achieve salvation, men must "ask of God" for knowledge by which they may walk uprightly before him. (See Moroni 10:3-7.) Joseph Smith's testimony concerning prayer and the reality of the future life furnish further reasons for faith in the efficacy of prayer in leading one to salvation. There is

o promise that all men will receive visitation of God the Father or of is Son Jesus Christ. These holy ersonages have been seen only on few occasions and at those times o their chosen prophets. (See ohn 1:18; Acts 7:55-56.)

Compiling of the Revelations

The many visits of the angel Moroni with Joseph Smith, beginning in September 1823, brought orth revelations in connection with he Book of Mormon to be studied ater. This coming of the resurrected Moroni was the next step in the vents which led up to the compiling of the many revelations into a olume of scripture. As also pointed out in the "Explanatory Introduction," many other revelations were eceived by the summer of 1830, hen, "acting under Divine commandment," the Prophet "was engaged in copying and arranging the evelations received up to that ime . . . ." In this work he was ssisted by John Whitmer, who ater became the Church historian by divine appointment. (See D. H. C. I:104; D. & C. 47:1.)

The Book of Commandments

The special Priesthood conference hich convened on November 1, 831, at Hiram, Ohio, authorized he printing of 10,000 copies of the ompilation of revelations to be nown as the *Book of Commandments*. However, on May 1, 1832, general council of the Church decided that 3,000 copies should be rinted, and ". . . that William W. helps, Oliver Cowdery, and John Whitmer, be appointed to review nd prepare such revelations for the ress as shall be deemed proper for publication, and print them as soon as possible at Independence, Missouri; the announcement to be made that they are 'Published by W. W. Phelps & Co. . . .'" (*D. H. C.* I:270). Before this (November 1831), Oliver Cowdery was appointed to ". . . carry the commandments to Independence, Missouri, for printing. . . ." Inasmuch as he was also to take "moneys" with him, a traveling companion, John Whitmer, was to accompany him because of the protection which seemed necessary in traveling in an area where frontier conditions existed (See *D. H. C.* I:229; D. & C. 69).

Destruction of the Printing Press

On the 20th of July, 1833, a mob consisting of from three to five hundred, "demanded the discontinuance of the Church printing establishment in Jackson county, the closing of the store, and the cessation of all mechanical labors. The brethren refused compliance, and the consequence was that the house of W. W. Phelps, which contained the printing establishment, was thrown down, the materials taken possession of by the mob, many papers destroyed, and the family and furniture thrown out of doors" (*D. H. C.* I:390).

Fortunately, a few incomplete copies of the Book of Commandments survived the destruction. This book was reprinted at different times. It contains sixty-five chapters.

Approval of Doctrine and Covenants

The next date of significance in this brief history of the Doctrine

and Covenants is September 24, 1834, when a committee with Joseph Smith as its head was appointed to publish the revelations. Upon the completion of its work, a General Assembly of the Church convened on August 17, 1835, at Kirtland, Ohio, ". . . to see whether the book be approved or not by the authorities of the Church: that it may, if approved, become a law and a rule of faith and practice to the Church. . . ." The two High Councils (Kirtland and Missouri) and the quorum of the Priesthood accepted and acknowledged the book as the doctrine and covenants of their faith, by a unanimous vote, and the written testimony of the Twelve Apostles was read. (See *D. H. C.* II:243-246).

Meaning of Doctrine and Covenants

This volume of revelations was printed with the title Doctrine and Covenants. As early as November 1831, the Prophet referred to the revelations as the book of Doctrine and Covenants. (See *D. H. C.* I:229.) It seems appropriate that the new name was given it with an increase in the number of sections from sixty-five to 102. The comprehensiveness of the title is indicated in the "Introduction" to the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary* (Revised Edition), where we learn that " 'Doctrine' means 'teaching, instruction!' . . . . The word 'covenant' is a term by which God indicates the settled arrangement between Him and His people. . . . This covenant concerning the salvation of the human race, entered into in eternity, was made known to Adam, Noah, Abraham, and others, and, finally, through the Prophet Joseph, to the people of God in our day. It is the 'everlasting' covenant, because it is from eternity to eternity. The new and everlasting covenant is the Gospel of Jesus Christ" (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page xiv).

Other Editions of The Doctrine and Covenants

Before his death, the Prophet Joseph Smith worked on another edition of The Doctrine and Covenants. (See *D. H. C.* V:264, 273.) It was printed in 1844 with 111 sections one of which was the historical account of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. (It is numbered Section 135 in the current edition.)

The next important edition was the revision of 1876 when the number of sections was increased to 136. The 1921 edition is the one in current use. It contains double-column pages, with section headings, footnote references, and an index. The "Lectures on Faith" which were included in the 1835 edition are not printed in the currently used edition. In the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page xvii, one finds this statement in a footnote concerning these lectures: "These lectures were removed from the Doctrine and Covenants in the edition of 1921, not because they were called in question, for they are excellent lectures of great value on the principle of faith, but because they were not revelations. When they were received and ordered printed in the Doctrine and Covenants, it was with the understanding as expressed by Elder John Smith, '. . . that the lectures were judiciously arranged and compiled, and were

ofitable for doctrine . . .' (*D.H.C.* :244). The Prophet Joseph Smith vised and prepared these Lectures mself, and they are still 'profitable r doctrine.' "

Note: Copies of *Lectures on Faith* are ilable at the Deseret Book Company, East South Temple, Salt Lake City, ah, at the price of fifty cents.

It should be kept in mind that t all of the revelations received the Prophet are found in The octrine and Covenants.

itnesses to The octrine and Covenants

Latter-day Saints are generally faiiar with the testimony of the hree Witnesses and also the Eight itnesses to The Book of Moron. It is not so well known, hower that witnesses have attested to e truth of The Doctrine and ovenants. Their testimony does t include the actual appearance an angel, the seeing of ancient struments and records, or having voice declare that the record is ue. But it is no less conclusive.

". . . The Lord has borne record our souls, through the Holy host, shed forth upon us, that ese commandments were given by spiration of God, and are profitle for all men, and are verily ue . . ." (*D. H. C.* I:226) was the stimony given concerning the Book of Commandments" by the ders present at the time it was proved during the conference of e Church in November 1831. hese same words appear in the Explanatory Introduction" to each py of The Doctrine and Covenants as the Testimony of the welve Apostles of the truth of this ook of modern scripture.

The Holy Ghost speaks to man's spirit, and, thereby, becomes the powerful influence of conversion which is even stronger than the visible manifestation so often thought to be the convincing sign of truth. Examples of the strength of this kind of testimony are found in the experiences of the apostles of the Lord in the meridian dispensation. While with the Savior they saw him heal the sick (Mt. 15:28), cast out devils (Luke 8:29), and even raise the dead (John 11:44), and perform other mighty works (Mt. 15:30-31). Later, however, Peter denied being a disciple of Christ (John 18:17, 25). However, following Jesus' ascension and after the Holy Ghost rested upon the apostles (Acts 2), they labored in the gospel, and were imprisoned, and "many . . . were slain" (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 41).

As long as the recipient of the Holy Ghost abides by the commandments, that power will continue with him as a lasting possession that will not require outward manifestations to keep him in the Church.

Joseph Smith's Integrity

The origin of The Doctrine and Covenants involves the honesty of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Prophet well understood the great responsibility devolving upon him in speaking for the Lord in the revelations he received. One time he wrote that ". . . it was an awful responsibility to write in the name of the Lord . . ." (*D. H. C.* I:226). The assurance with which he "wrote for the Lord" is well illustrated by an incident in the early history of this dispensation.

Not long after the Church was organized, the Prophet received a letter from Oliver Cowdery in which Oliver Cowdery commanded the Prophet "to erase those words," meaning a part of verse thirty-seven of Section twenty. Joseph Smith immediately wrote to Oliver Cowdery and asked:

> . . . by what authority he took upon him to command me to alter or erase, to add to or diminish from, a revelation or commandment from Almighty God (*D. H. C.*, I:105).

In a Church which had just been organized and with so few members, if the leader had been an imposter, he could easily have compromised and changed this document to satisfy the one man and his friends who had done so much for him. For the Whitmer family had also been influenced by Oliver Cowdery to agree with him on this command to Joseph. This meant that three members of the original six who organized the Church were opposed to the Prophet Joseph Smith on this matter. But the Prophet was not an imposter. He knew he had received the will of the Lord and, although a calamity of this magnitude might conceivably have destroyed the work, it did not deter the Prophet from his course, and Oliver Cowdery and the Whitmer family soon repented of their error. (See *D. H. C.* I:104, 105.)

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the contributions of the first vision to man's salvation?
   (a) How does it teach the correct knowledge of God?
   (b) Can there be only one true Church? Explain.
   (c) How does prayer lead one to salvation?
2. Briefly relate the origin of The Doctrine and Covenants.
3. What is the meaning of the title "Doctrine and Covenants"?
4. What are the "Lectures on Faith"?
5. "The witness of the Holy Ghost is a greater power for conversion than an outward manifestation." What does the above statement have to do with this lesson?
6. In what way was Joseph Smith's honesty affirmed as brought out by this lesson?

Seasonal Reminders

Enola Chamberlin

On and on each season goes,
Stepping on the next one's toes.
And I see them quickly pass
Not by looking in a glass,
But by Mary's dress that goes
Up and up as Mary grows.
And by Tommy's jeans that climb
From foot to shin each season time.
On and on each season goes,
While I lengthen children's clothes.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

ruths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

essage 2—"And Inasmuch As They Were Humble They Might Be Made Strong, and Blessed From on High . . ." (D. & C. 1:28).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, November 5, 1957

Objective: To point out the meaning of true humility, the need for it in our lives, and to show that the Lord blesses and makes strong those who possess it.

HE study of the scriptures impresses one with the fact that at emphasis is placed upon the tue of humility. True humility s at the base of most of life's deable qualities.

One cannot serve the Lord unless humbles himself and conforms individual will to the Lord's will. r Father in heaven has said, . . no one can assist in this work cept he shall be humble . . ." . & C. 12:8). Neither can one tain spiritual strength unless he ts aside selfishness, self-dependce, pride, and arrogance.

For whosoever exalteth himself shall be sed; and he that humbleth himself ll be exalted (Luke 14:11).

Many years ago a religious leader s asked, "What is the first article the Christian religion?" He anered, "Humility." Then he was ed, "What is the second?" He swered "Humility." "And the ird?" Again the leader answered, lumility."

The need for humility is promint in all of Jesus' teachings. As all other things, the Savior set the rfect example. Although he was "light and life of the world," "the Alpha and Omega," the Architect and Builder of the universe, still he was born under the humblest of circumstances. His entire life was lived in a simple and modest way. He declared himself to be ". . . meek and lowly in heart . . ." (Mt. 11:29). In all his teachings he emphasized the importance of this virtue.

The following incident, found in John 13, is probably the most classic example in all history of true humility:

. . . Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father . . . .

. . . knowing that the Father had given all things unto his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God;

He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself . . . .

. . . and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded . . . .

. . . he said unto them . . . .

Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.

If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you (John 13:1 ff.).

Humility is a noble virtue. Although it reflects itself in meekness, gentleness, and submissiveness to the Lord's will, yet it in no way implies self-depreciation or weakness. Humility is actually the foundation of strength. In order to gain moral and spiritual strength, one must first recognize his shortcomings and failings and then acknowledge his dependence upon the Lord. He must seek to do the Lord's will and have faith and trust in his guidance. Thus, with the Lord's help, he overcomes his weaknesses and replaces them with the virtues that bring strength.

Truly, those who are humble "are blessed from on high."

Work Meeting—Living More Abundantly

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—Increasing Our Standard of Living

Elder William F. Edwards

For Tuesday, November 12, 1957

Objective: To achieve a higher standard of living, to obtain more of the *important* things in life, without an increase in family income.

The Purpose of Budgets

Budgeting in its true sense is a method of estimating ahead how to spend one's income in order to receive the greatest values. The first requirement is to approach the problem with a mind as open and rational as that with which a good scientist undertakes his studies. Can I say, "My house is a house of order"? Can I say, if a housewife, that I give the same care and thought to determining how to spend our income as my husband gives to his work in order to earn the income? As it is true that the cost of money is determined by what it takes to earn it, so it is true that the value of money is determined by how we use it.

Wise Counsel

Benjamin Franklin caught the vision of wise budget planning when he observed:

> There are two ways of being happy: We may either diminish our wants or augment our means — either will do — the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

Brigham Young gave frequent advice about handling personal finances:

If you cannot obtain all you wish for lay, learn to do without that which you not purchase and pay for; . . . Bring ur minds into subjection that you must l will live within your means.

w to Become Strong

The truth of such counsel as that en by Brigham Young is readily parent, but for many it is hard live by. But what good thing is t hard to acquire? We become ong by overcoming obstacles. The ry of building the Salt Lake mple, for example, is a story of hieving the impossible, except for determined people who were will- to pay the price of doing what s right.

ms Every Latter-day Saint idget Should Contain

1. Tithing and Other Church Contributions:

Church expenses is an item not tirely peculiar to Latter-day Saints. very well-considered family budget ook makes provision for this item. he difference is that Latter-day ints are commanded to pay their hes and offerings.

For members of The Church of Jesus hrist of Latter-day Saints these appro- iately come first. They bring eternal bless- gs and joys. It is expected that honest d faithful people will return to the rd his ten per cent and in addition ake the other contributions needed to rry out his purposes for their good dwards, William F.: *The Relief Society agazine*, August 1953, page 501).

I do not suppose for a moment, that ere is a person in this Church, who is nacquainted with the duty of paying hing, neither is it necessary to have velation every year upon this subject. here is the Law—pay one-tenth (*Dis- ourses of Brigham Young*, page 174).

2. Taxes and Other Civic Expenses and Contributions:

The services rendered by governments are indispensable to modern progressive living. We should be good members of society by supporting, financially and otherwise, praiseworthy activities. In this spirit, we should pay our taxes and other assessments and allocate some money for contributions to worthy programs.

3. Health Protection:

The Lord has made it clear that our bodies are sacred:

> If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are (1 Cor. 3:17).

Thus, we are each charged with the responsibility of keeping our bodies as clean and healthy as possible. It is important that some funds be earmarked for periodic dental work, health examinations, medicine and medical attention for minor ailments. The best and cheapest care is preventive. When available at a reasonable cost, some people will find it advisable to carry a health insurance policy covering extraordinary expenses in connection with medical attention.

4. Emergency Saving:

Into every life come emergencies, such as illness, unemployment, accidents, old age, and death, and they cost money. It is a family's responsibility to provide for these, even if it necessitates certain immediate sacrifices. In accordance with the Welfare Program, part of the emer-

gency savings could be held in the form of food and other necessities of life. Each individual or family should determine the appropriate amount to have on hand for this purpose.

If a man does not provide for his children, if he does not provide for all those dependent upon him, and if he has not that vision of conditions to come, and that care for the days that have not yet dawned, which we sum up in the whole idea of thrift and saving, then he has not opened his eyes to any adequate conception of human life. We are in this world to provide not for ourselves, but for others, and that is the basis of economy (Woodrow Wilson).

5. Life Insurance:

Likewise, no head of a family is doing his duty to his family unless he carries a reasonable amount of life insurance for their protection.

Nothing is as certain as death, yet nothing is more uncertain than the time of death (Legal Proverb).

6. Food

7. Clothing

8. Shelter and Home

9. Other Items Possibly Varying With Each Family

Group discussion should develop important considerations regarding each of these items. A group of Relief Society sisters can sit as a group of experts — then they approach these subjects objectively and critically.

10. Working Fund:

After allowance for all of the areas of expenses previously discussed, there should remain a balance which might be called the Working Fund. The usage of this fund is an individual problem, each family doing what will give them the greatest satisfaction. It should certainly be the aim in one's financial program to make this fund as large as possible, since it plays such an important part in one's living more abundantly.

Under Latter-day Saint philosophy, an adequate part of this fund should be used for investment purposes beyond that contemplated with "Emergency Savings." There is nothing that leads to independence of thought and action quite as much as economic independence. And by right living this independence is within the grasp of most members of our group.

Use just enough of your earnings to make your bodies and your families happy and comfortable, and save the residue (Brigham Young).

Of probably even greater importance than monetary savings under our teachings, however, is the part that should be used for self-improvement and advancement, including education in all its proper forms.

The first great principle that ought to occupy the attention of mankind, that should be understood by the children and the adults, and which is the mainspring of all action . . . is the principle of improvement.

We cannot trust to the certainty of mortal possessions; they are transitory and a dependence upon them will plunge into hopeless disappointment all those who trust in them (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 306).

This fund will, also, in individual instances, have to help to provide

r the support of fathers, mothers, others, and sisters who are living ewhere. By placing this last, we not mean to lessen its import-ce. To those who thus contrib-e to the support of others, it is item second to none in im-rtance—unless it be the item of hing. This is a way of life ac-pted by the membership of the urch in general in accordance th the teachings of ancient and dern prophets.

The intent in this lesson is to outline some of the more important areas of expenditures in the hope of helping each one to examine his own position with the objective of learning how to put first things first so that the more important things will be accomplished and those neglected will be the least important. Wise budget planning will contribute to more abundant living; it will make possible a higher standard of living without an increase in family income.

Literature — Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 10—Othello, The Moor of Venice

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948

For Tuesday, November 19, 1957

Objective: To review and consider pride, jealousy, and passion as tools of self-struction, through re-experiencing this artistic record of life's truths.

IKE Shakespeare's other best plays, *Othello* creates its own rsonality and power. Therefore, compare it with other plays in rms of greatness or majesty is as ysterious a process as an attempted ssection of life itself. As a drama is perfectly constructed, and of Shakespeare's tragedies it is most ten successfully acted. Words, nages, symbols, and actions of the ay complement each other. Here-are no poetic flights for their own kes; every word carries its own ight, and all parts contribute to e irresistible cumulation of pur-se and theme. Thus, this tragedy jealousy and haste becomes for each of us here and now a lived experience as personal as our own inner hearts.

Othello's self-knowledge is accurate when he says early in the play:

> . . . Rude am I in my speech,
> And little blest with the soft phrase of peace.
>
> I. 3. 81-82

The poetry in *Othello* is not as lofty and noble as that found in *Hamlet* and *King Lear;* instead it is restrained, oftentimes more pertinent than inspiring. Therefore, fewer lines are commonly lifted from

its pages to be quoted apart from the play.

Even so, such quotes as the following are too useful to be ignored:

. . . O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

II. 3. 282-284

. . . that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

II. 3. 291-294

The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief.

I. 3. 208

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. . . .

III. 4. 144-145

. . . Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ. . . .

III. 3. 322-324

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees? II. 3. 376-377

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash—'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands—
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

III. 3. 155-161

Although wellnigh matchless in beauty and pure trust and innocence, even Desdemona's final words speak with ample power only when contained within the play itself. Here, more than in many of Shakespeare's plays, we need all if we are to get any, so tight-knit is its construction, so many layered the overtones radiating from one character or scene to diffuse influence to all others.

Although *Hamlet* excells *Othello* in intellectual keenness and revelation of inner conflict, just as *Macbeth* and *King Lear* contain greater depth, this play might well be regarded as Shakespeare's most warmly human and most natural tragedy. It contains neither ghosts, witches, portents of death, nor a sense of fulfilling destiny, nor a resolving of epic issues. The scene is laid entirely within the human heart, where good and evil grapple together to win Othello's soul. At its core it is a play of intrigue and, since its purpose is merely to *present* the workings of love and evil, it never attempts to define or explain these universally dominant yet mysterious forces.

While the ingredients of the play are as timeless as humanity itself—ambition, pride, importance, love, rashness, honor, innocence, integrity—predominantly the play is a tragedy of jealousy, that ". . . green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on . . ." (III. 3. 166). Also, in the incompleteness of the flawless love between Othello and Desdemona, it forces us to admit how isolated each of us is from fellows, lovers, indeed our own soul mates. How beautifully Desdemona and Othello blend into one; how purely they fulfill each in the other. And yet in this blissful unity how devastatingly yawns the green gap between them.

Truly this is a play of destruction: jealousy is the destroyer; love, the destroyed. And these inner workings we witness in horror and sympa-

etic suffering, since beneath the t smile and the seen pose we know em only too well within ourselves.

ot

The play's action is laid against a ckground of war, which serves to duce life to its essential values, d to accentuate the prowess of thello, a Christian Moor who is hting as a hired general for the ity of Venice. Invited to the me of Brabantio, a Venetian sen-or, he tells of his adventures with ch power that Desdemona, the nator's daughter, falls in love with m and they are secretly married. go, ambitious of promotion and mination, has just sworn eternal venge on Othello for promoting assio to the army position he had ped for. Once he learns of his aster's marriage, Iago rouses Bra-ntio out of his bed to warn him at his daughter is being stolen by e black-bosomed Moor, and rabantio is furious, believing that is fair Desdemona has been led to ve him only through sorcery. But hen the case is heard before Ve-etian senators, the Duke of Venice proves the match and gives the vo his blessing, even though rabantio still feels he has been bbed, and bemoans the fact that e was ever a father.

Ordered to Cyprus to fight the urks, Othello leaves Desdemona ehind, though their marriage is ut a few hours past. The storm rns back the Turks, and a general elebration is ordered. Iago devises scheme through which he gets Cas-o drunk and induces Roderigo to uarrel with him. Iago then noti-es Othello of the brawl, and Cassio demoted, to Iago's great satisfaction. Iago decides to further his revenge by making Othello believe his wife has been unfaithful with Cassio, who has already asked Desdemona to plead with Othello to restore him (Cassio) to rank. When Othello sees them talking, Cassio leaves and "honest" Iago points this out to Othello as evidence of Cassio's guilt.

As a love gift, Othello had given Desdemona his mother's handkerchief. Iago had pleaded with Emilia, his wife and Desdemona's maid, to steal it, but Emilia refused. However, when Desdemona drops it, Emilia picks it up and gives it to Iago, who "plants" it in Cassio's quarters. Intrigued by its beauty, Cassio gives it to his mistress to copy its design, and Othello by chance witnesses the giving. Now certain that his fair wife has given the handkerchief to Cassio and that Cassio is her lover, Othello succumbs to Iago's suggestion that, in the name of justice, he smother his wife to keep her from ruining other men. His intention is accelerated when Desdemona's kinsman, Lodovico, arrives to recall Othello to Venice, appointing Cassio in his place. Before her husband, Desdemona rejoices at Cassio's good fortune "for the love I bear him." Enraged in his blind jealousy, Othello strikes her and accuses her of infidelity. He dismisses her maid and commands Desdemona to return to her bed. Despite her protestations of innocence and her unwavering love for him, Othello smothers Desdemona in her bed. Emilia, the maid, hears Othello's confession of murder, then, in the presence of all, begins telling of her

husband Iago's treachery. Iago kills her to seal her mouth, and only moments too late Othello realizes that he has loved "not wisely but too well." Recalling his lost military glory, he stabs himself; and Cassio, the new governor, plans at once to execute unrepentant Iago, who refuses to give any reason for his arch-villainy.

Othello

It takes the entire play to reveal Othello's full identity to us. In the first act keen Iago sees him truly as a man:

> . . . of a free and open nature
> That thinks men honest that but seem to be so . . . .
>
> I. 3. 405-406

After Othello's death, Cassio recalls in justice that "he was great of heart" (V. 2. 361). Basically Othello is a simple man who possesses all the military virtues: emotional control, cool judgment, belief in action, ability to make decisions, courage, loyalty, entire honesty, an abiding sense of justice, and the ordered relation of authority to subordinates, and of man to man. Othello, a middle-aged man, tells Desdemona's father that he loves Desdemona and needs her, not to fulfill bodily appetites, but because he desires her near him ". . . to be free and bounteous to her mind" (I. 3. 266). His love for her seems a most spiritual one and entirely sincere. Yet throughout his life Othello has never before been in society, nor learned even the most preliminary awareness of woman's mystery. It is, therefore, not surprising to learn that he feels his winning of the lovely Desdemona to be too good to be true. Yet in his new-found love he is entirely happy, as is shown in one sunny scene within the play when Desdemona lands at Cyprus to rejoin her bridegroom, and Othello reveals his feeling for her. Note that, soldier true, his most endearing love for her is couched in military language:

> Oth. O my fair warrior!
> Des. My dear Othello!
> Oth. It gives we wonder great as my content
> To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
> If after every tempest come such calms,
> May the winds blow till they have wakened death!
> And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
> Olympus-high, and duck again as low
> . . . If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
> My soul hath her content so absolute
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate.
>
> II. 1. 183-194

Thus Othello's joy becomes even greater when contrasted with empty tents and the stern utility which comprise the realm of war and exclusive male company. But his joy is short-lived, for Iago senses that, inwardly, Othello may not be as sure of his newly won prize as he may appear. When explaining to Brabantio, Desdemona's father, how he had won her, Othello said:

> She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
> And I loved her that she did pity them.
> This only is the witchcraft I have used.
>
> I. 3. 167-169

Desdemona was hungry for vicarious adventure and gallantry; Othello needed an adoring audience, and mutual love filled both needs. Yet she was too beautiful, too nearly

erfect for him to trust his own ain tongue and brusque manner hold her. Therefore when Iago erely hints at her inconstancy, spicion enters Othello's mind. ere is outward support of his own eltered, yet shattering inner fears.

From this point to his death, thello's downfall is rapid and taclysmic. Those of us who have ward peace find it easy to blame thello for his gullibility and for his ilure to examine evidence and otive before he killed his greatest easure. Yet, in sympathy, we ould recall that in times of pernal failure we trust ourselves least all, and lean most heavily on our usted, honest friends. Othello, ho earlier distrusted all passion, ow becomes the slave of the greenved monster jealousy, and, as it nsumes him, he thinks not only at his new-found love is endangred, but that his wife's duplicity ill destroy his pride and position his lifelong passion: war. It is ot only that his wife is untrue, ut that his men *know* he has been ade a fool of by a treacherous inx. (Read III. 3. 347-357.)

And Othello's passion of jealousy egins working within him. Fed by he evil Iago, he comes to believe Desdemona untrue. He uses gross, bscene language in addressing her, nd, finally, strikes her. Yet, though is revenge is of ice, steeled and remeditated, he now seems to find is strongest release in dramatizing is revulsion for his Desdemona, lsewhere called "chaste, skin whiter han snow, smooth as monumental labaster." Here, indeed, is passion t war with itself, all within a man who only *feels* passion but *understands* nothing of its compelling force. Sincerely he asks:

> Whip me, ye devils,
> From the possession of this heavenly sight!
> Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!
> Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
> O Desdemona! Desdemona! Dead!
> Oh! Oh! Oh! V. 2. 277-282

When Desdemona is dead and Othello calls himself, "fool, fool, fool," he makes his final speech, in remembrance of their love, mentioning that he had done good in serving the state. Still, unable to explain what has happened within himself, his last act of defiance against his overwhelming dilemma is to stab himself, a most willing victim of Iago's manipulations and his own jealous blindness.

Iago

While at first glance, Othello might seem the victim of Iago, in many basic respects, the two are destroyed by similar weaknesses. As Iago revealed in the opening speech to Roderigo, he is consumed by jealousy; so, finally, is Othello. Both are proud and ambitious. Iago longs to forsake his own role as underdog and to command men, as Othello now commands them.

> Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
> In following him, I follow but myself. . . .
> I am not what I am. I. 1. 57-58, 65

Or, that disguise I appear in today is not my true destiny; when I am equivalent to Othello, I'll then have achieved my true identity.

So jealous is Iago of promoted Cassio, as well as of Othello, who now has fairer wife than he'll ever know, and so deeply wounded is Iago's pride, that in his desire for

revenge he most beautifully exemplifies his own cynical definition of virtue:

> Virtue! A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry—why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. . . . But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion [bud or slip].
>
> I. 3. 322-329, 334-337

Constantly maintaining that he is "nothing if not cynical," Iago spurns emotion and love, trusts nothing and no one, but believes only in reason and cunning; by these he destroys and is destroyed. In similar vein, Othello *claims* reason and order for his guides, yet his destruction is brought about by the entirely opposite evils of passion and jealousy run rampant, just as similarly these evils destroy Iago. Both men deserve their separate yet similar ends, for they are incapable of assessing themselves truly, and both bring about their own self-destruction, after first causing havoc and suffering among humankind. Further, though Iago claims only intellectual powers, he floods the first part of the play with intense obscenities. Yet it is Othello who finally surpasses him as he reviles Desdemona in the scenes preceding her murder. Thus barbaric, passionate emotions overpower both men at different times, but for similar reasons.

Iago shapes Othello to his will because he knows him to be both gullible and proud. For Iago, all people are mechanical objects to be manipulated. First, he inflames Othello's imagination by recounting Cassio's dream of Desdemona which occurred only in Iago's evil mind. When Othello reacts, Iago sneers at him, which wounds Othello's pride unbearably.

> Oth. Dost thou mock me?
> Iago. I mock you! No, by Heaven.
> Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
>
> IV. I.61-63

What greater wound to a military hero than to compare him thus to a whimpering boob?

Iago's cold revenge is diabolical, intellectual, complete. Blending jealousy and hatred, it destroys all it touches, save Desdemona's pure spirit. Only her body dies, but as surely as good triumphs over evil, so was she too unsullied even to dream that such incarnate evil as Iago could exist, and her sweet spirit cowed him as nothing else does in the play.

Desdemona

Entirely a great woman, ruled by goodness, love, loyalty, and beauty, Desdemona is probably the strongest heroine in all Shakespeare. By her following the course of love as she found it in Othello, she defied her father and the conventions of her time to follow her own convictions. Such an act demands vision and courage. Desdemona had these and more.

Further, so great was the beauty of her spirit that, until he became poisoned by distrust, Othello was exalted by her love into becoming a larger, better person. This miracle only love can perform.

From her opening scene, Desdemona's words achieve great heights. When Othello demands that she oduce his handkerchief, truly she lls him that he is to blame for her wing lost it; but he bolts away in mper. In dismayed selflessness, with constancy, she confides to ssio:

lord is not my lord, nor should I know him
re he in favor as in humor altered. . . .
hat I can do I will, and more I will
an for myself I dare . . . .
III. 4. 124-125, 130-131

And so Desdemona contains her n feelings within herself, and ver blames nor reproaches Othello his extravagant accusation, other an to reply, "I have not deserved is" after he strikes her in front of r relative Lodovico. Contrast eir moods and controls:

h. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with a woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!
s. I will not stay to offend you.
IV. 1. 255-258

Othello's fury is intensified at eir next meeting when, calling her umpet, she protests "By Heaven, u do me wrong" (IV. 2.28). After charges out, Desdemona lies half nned at his bitterness and invec- e. Iago enters with Emilia and tenderness asks:

o. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?
s. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.
He might have chid me so, for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
IV. 2. 110-114

Unable even to repeat the word with which Othello branded her, she still manages to recover sufficiently to ask wise Iago for tender advice:

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him, for, by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel.
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them in any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
IV. 2. 148-161

Thus Othello's abuse is answered. In her all-consuming constancy Desdemona feels secure from any word or act which might issue from him. Even after she has been suffocated, she revives for a moment.

Emil. Out and alas! That was my lady's voice.
Help! Help, ho! Help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody, I myself. Farewell.
V. 2. 119-125
Commend me to my kind lord. Oh, farewell!

Indeed, greater charity hath no man, nor even hath Shakespeare.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Do you agree or disagree that *Othello* is Shakespeare's "most warmly human and most natural tragedy?" Why so?
2. What was the tragedy of Othello?
3. What human strengths and weaknesses are brought out in Othello?
4. How possibly could Desdemona still love the man who killed her, and hold him blameless?
5. What is Shakespeare's attitude toward drinking as brought out in the play?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 9—Families Have Problems

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, November 26, 1957

Objective: To illustrate the nature and extent of problems which face families of today.

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair (II Cor. 4:8).

THE family today faces obstacles which threaten the very foundation of our society. Forces that scar and warp people are strong and their victims are many. A new set of living patterns finds many families ill-prepared to meet resulting problems. The economy of our day creates stress in family relations. Without conscientious and prayerful effort, families can easily be divided and destroyed. Though we are mindful of our problems, we cannot despair. Existing knowledge, however, can and must be marshalled to "retool" our thinking so that we can face and solve our problems. We must rely upon the refining influences of the home, if we would have our children walk sturdily ahead and uprightly before our Heavenly Father. With the resources at our command, it is within our power to strengthen the individual and thereby contribute to happy and harmonious family life. The gospel challenges Latter-day Saints to avoid family deterioration and destruction and enables them to fashion happiness and eternal progress from the opportunities presented by the family.

Some of the realities facing today's families are here set forth. An exhaustive treatment is not intended.

I. The Family Time

Two generations ago individuals were closely anchored to the home, where food was raised and prepared and where clothing and other items were manufactured. Parents and children worked side by side. Family chores were time-and-energy consuming. Recreation was largely self-made and involved initiative as well as group participation. The population of the United States was largely rural,

Slowly all of this changed. The genuity of man brought an era of ecialization which snatched from nilies many of the tasks they had viously performed. Labor-saving vices in the home and mechaniza- n of the farm, with other influ- es, had a tendency to increase ure time. The leisure did not y. Today outside influences have lled family members away from hearth. Much of our recreation specialized, time-consuming, and, often, requires only passive par- pation with limited creative nking. Family recreation is lim- l. Most families now live in an areas. Travel is taking family mbers away from home for short l extended stays. Employment, ication, and cultural activities e each taken their toll of family ne. Fathers, and in some in- nces, mothers, work outside the ne. Fortunately the effectiveness family influence is not measured irely by the amount of time fam- members spend together. The ality and nature of the associa- n have the greatest bearing on its l result. In view of the above nds, will the home remain the dle of conscience and virtue? hat can we do to see that families nd time together?

Communication Media

One of the distinguishing char- eristics of our time is the tre- ndous development of mass com- nication media. Fortunately ne of us lives in a social vacuum t we are barraged with many and fied influences which affect how we think and act. Radio, television, movies, and comic books, to name a few, are of recent origin, and are a part of this new influence. The growing child of today and his parents are constantly exposed to sights and sounds undreamed of a generation ago. Much of our enjoyment and progress is a result of this development. While these sights and sounds can do good, we cannot avoid the fact that they can also be carriers of evil and sinister influences. This places the added responsibility upon parents to evaluate and regulate the use of these new influences in the home. The impact of comic books of the horror and crime type were recently the subject of an investigation by the U. S. Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency. The subcommittee found legions of these magazines (they were neither books nor comic) depicting, explaining, and illustrating, in detail, virtually every form of crime and horror. In the spring of 1954, over thirty million copies of "funny books" of the crime and horror type were being printed and distributed monthly in the United States.

The subcommittee observed:

> . . . this country cannot afford the calculated risk involved in feeding its children through comic books, a concentrated diet of crime, horror, and violence. There was substantial . . . agreement among the experts that there may be detrimental and delinquency-producing effects upon both the emotionally disturbed child and the emotionally normal delinquent. (1)

Many wholesome "funny books"

1. Interim Report of the Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency to Committee on The Judiciary, U. S. Senate, 84th Congress, 1956, on Comic Books.

are published and available, and parents would do well to discourage children from reading the other type.

Television, radio, movies, and newspapers were also found to be producing material which overemphasized crime and violence. The subcommittee reported:

> These media have a tremendous influence on the young child in his early development and that while reflecting the major attitudes of the society, they are in turn influencing, to a great degree, the attitudinal development of children. That given an emotionally stable child who has had what may be interpreted as the proper emotional relationship with his parents, this type of presentation in the mass media may have little or no effect in terms of influencing his behavior. However, given a child with a more or less undeveloped attitudinal framework, the mass media may go a long way toward providing ideas both in the development of attitudes and in predisposing the child for a certain type of behavior. (2)

Parents who are mindful of our cherished principles of freedom of the press and free agency, and of the obligation to teach their children properly, will diligently thwart the degrading, stimulate the wholesome, and be very sure that their children see virtues and values without distortion.

3. *An Aging Population*

In 1900 there were only three million persons in the United States who were 65 years of age or over. Today there are approximately 14 million. It is estimated that by 1970 there will be 18.5 million and by the year 2000 almost 27 million persons aged 65 and over. . . . The aged population is increasing by 1,000 every day. (3)

In most parts of the world, people are living longer. If you are now twenty-five years of age you can expect to live to seventy-two; if you are now forty you can expect to live past seventy-three; if you are now sixty you can expect to live past seventy-seven; and if you are sixty-nine you will likely live to the age of eighty.

We are forever grateful for the contributions made by the more mature among us and we can show that gratitude by recognizing them, as God intended, as individuals who have varying needs, desires, circumstances, and capacities. They continue to have aspirations to grow and develop. As more elderly people remain with the family, the job of planning for them and with them becomes a necessity. Can we help them as they once helped us? How and where the aged shall spend their time and whether they are happy and contented is largely the result of family decisions. The decisions we make may well become the patterns by which our own situation is determined when we become old.

4. *Family Breakdown*

The increasing evidence of family breakdown is distressing. Far too many parents are failing to solve and avoid personal difficulties and are turning to divorce as the answer. Too many children find themselves in a half-parentless world and in homes where parents provide an example of quarrelling, bitterness, and distrust for children to absorb.

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2. *Ibid.*, on Motion Pictures.

3. Social Security Bulletin, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, August, 1956, Volume 19, No. 8.

recent years the divorce rate has reased in the United States as ll as other countries. Fortunately out sixty per cent of the divorces nted were to couples who had no ildren. Divorces involving chil-n usually occur in the early years marriage. Two-thirds of the chil-n affected are under ten. (4) vorce and parental desertion are reasing at an alarming rate and now the major causes of child pendency. There are likely some tifiable divorces. Basically, how-r, marriages fail because of the lure of the individuals who mar-

What can be done to stem the e of family breakdowns?

Mental Illness

A congressional committee, ap-inted to investigate the toll of jor diseases, after making an ex-ustive study of all health prob-ns, concluded:

> There is probably no more serious blem in the health field today than t of mental illness. (5)

Hospitalization for mental illness increased sixty per cent in twenty rs. This tells only part of the ry. The wasted lives, the misery, d the unhappiness of the mentally and their families cannot be esti-ated. Fortunately, tremendous ns are currently being made by ich mental illness is prevented d treated. What can we do to id mental illness?

Delinquency and Crime

Crime remains one of the all-time problems affecting people. The percentage rise in crime in the United States, 1950 through 1955, was three times that of the population. Crime was up twenty-six per cent while population was up nine per cent. (6)

Other countries have had similar disturbing increases in juvenile delinquency and adult crime.

No pat solution to crime and delinquency has been found. However, certain things are known about the problems. Human behavior is the end result of many influences, environmental and inheritable. Action not in conformity with the accepted code of conduct is the result of multiple causes. An examination of these hard-to-find causes often suggests treatment measures helpful in solving the problem. Until we are able to avoid the development of criminal tendencies in people, or until we are able to solve personality problems of those who commit crime, we shall not make effective inroads upon the elimination of this social ill. Crime and delinquency bring unhappiness to the individual and his family. What can we do as mothers to meet this alarming problem?

7. Economic Factors in Family Living

Many problems of an economic nature strain family life today. We shall mention briefly only a few. Desertion of wives and children has resulted in the public assuming re-

4. A Chart Book, Children and Youth at the Midcentury, Midcentury White House nference on Children and Youth, 1950.

5. Committee on Interstate & Foreign Commerce, Rep. Charles A. Wolverton, J., Chairman. Commonly called the Wolverton Committee.

6. Uniform Crime Reports, Volume XXVI, No. 2, Annual Bulletin, 1955.

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sponsibility. Employment often separates families. The cost of living, desire for material things as well as low income, often result, separately and collectively, in stress. Young couples often assume they should start out with facilities and things which their parents had only after a life of hard work. Keeping up with the Joneses is dangerous to family living. The desire to supplement the income of the husband, either to raise or maintain a standard of living, has resulted in many mothers leaving the home for employment. Although some mothers, of necessity, are the family breadwinners, the well-being of children should be the determining factor. Of the more than twenty-one million mothers with children under the age of eighteen years in 1949, over four million worked outside the home. One and one-half million of these had children of preschool age. (7)

Families Can Meet the Challenge

It takes little imagination to realize that the home is vulnerable to attack. Latter-day Saint families face problems similar to those faced by other families. It is not intended in this lesson to suggest solutions to the problems above discussed. We must be constantly alert to the development of problems which affect the family and, once a problem is detected, our efforts should be towards solving it. Future lessons will dwell on how families can meet problems that arise.

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4. A Chart Book, Children and Youth at the Midcentury, Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth, 1950.

The task which is ours is stated the following words:

We cannot insulate our children from uncertainties of the world in which live or from the impact of the problems which confront us all. What we do is to equip them to meet these blems, to do their part in the total ort, and to build up those inner reces of character which are the main ngth of the American people. (8)

Within the gospel is found the wer to defeat and destroy unolesome family influences. It uires more than acceptance and lief, however. We must make plication of the gospel in our s. Conscientious, prayerful eft to know and understand the spel, and the living of it, will luce the threat of defeat and will ng happiness and the realization pleasant ambitions. Children will prepared to meet squarely the mptations and problems which theirs, and all family members ll be grateful for the fruits of the spel.

Supplementary Reference

1. "Valiant Womanhood"—Vesta P. wford, *The Relief Society Magazine*, tober 1955, page 660.

Questions for Discussion

1. Suggest ways in which families of lay could better utilize their time to nd more hours together. How can ily time be used wastefully? How the Family Hour be used to increase ily solidarity?

2. Discuss wholesome TV and radio grams for children and adolescents. hy is it desirable for parents to hear and view programs preferred by their children and evaluate them together?

3. What tangible steps can be taken in our homes to offset the comic book craze?

4. Point out the recent advancements made in the treatment of mental illness. Why is greater understanding of this problem necessary for all of us?

5. Why should every parent be concerned with the problem of delinquency and crime? With the causes?

3. President Harry S. Truman, Proceeds Midcentury White House Conference Children and Youth, 1950.

Echo

Leslie S. Clark

Through the fragrant dusk a veery's call
Like silver rain is cast,
As once we heard it, hand in hand,
In an hour too dear to last . . . .
Yet, still, a single song—a heart—
Can hold the past.

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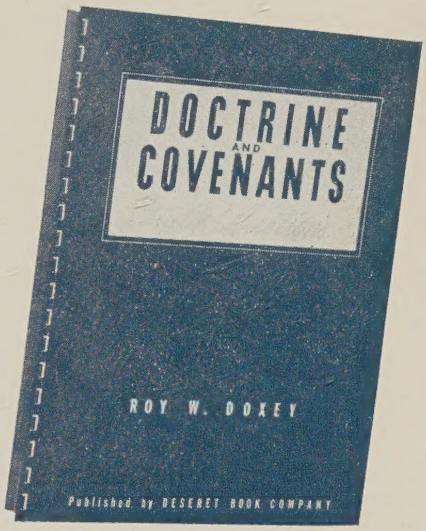

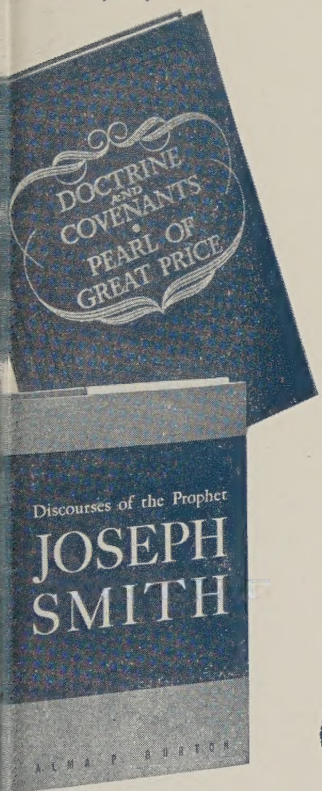

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